# MYSTERY MAGAZINE

10 CENTS
MAR. 1, 1922

VOL. IV
No 104

A STORY OF THE UNDERWORLD

## The LITTLE RED BOOK

by J. Alexander Young

# MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV. MARCH 1, 1922 No. 104

ISSUED TWICE A MONTH

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY

THE LITTLE RED BOOK. By J. Alexander Young ..... 3

SHORT STORIES

THE TILL TAPPER. By William Hamilton Osborne ..... 21
FROM THE UNKNOWN TO THE KNOWN. By Fred H. Hayn ..... 30
THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By Jack J. Gottlieb ..... 36
COBWEBS. By Caroline Bingold ..... 46

DEPARTMENT

PART II: PALMISTRY—THE MYSTERY OF MAN AND HOW TO SOLVE IT. By Russell Raymond Voorhees ..... 52

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER

AFRICA'S OLD CLIFF DWELLERS ..... 19
THE GREEN LOOKING CASHIER ..... 20
POSTAL DETECTIVES ..... 29
CURIOUS INDIAN TRIBES ..... 35
PRODUCERS NOW BRAND THEIR FRUIT ..... 45
A WITCH-HAZEL ROD OF VALUE ..... 56

CURRENT NEWS

LIGHTNING COOKS A POTATO——KILLS BIG BEAR——LEANING BUDDHA IN CHINA——CALIFORNIA'S LOFTY MOUNTAINS ..... 57
MILK CAN WALKING DOWN STEPS AMAZES STROLLER——EGYPTIAN WROTE FIRST GREAT BOOK——A MOUNTAIN OF SOAP ..... 58
FIND PREHISTORIC CORN——UNIQUE RUGS ARE MADE FROM REINDEER HIDES——A TREASURE-FILLED LAKE ..... 59

Copyright, 1922, by Frank Tousey, New York. All rights reserved. Entered as Second-Class Matter November 5, 1917, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York.

Harry E. Wolff, President; C. W. Hastings, Treasurer; Charles E. Nylander, Secretary.

LU. SENARENS, Editor.

Notice.—No letters will be answered or manuscripts returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. The publishers disclaim responsibility for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Authors to save time will please name price desired for submitted material.

Subscription Price: Domestic, Single Copy, 10 Cents; Domestic, Yearly, $2.50; Canada, $2.75; Foreign, $3.00.

All remittances should be sent by express money order, P. O. order, check, registered letter, or draft to insure safety. We will not be responsible for money sent otherwise.

# A Straight Talk to Our Readers

WE are very much pleased to see by the steadily growing circulation of this magazine that it is fast gaining in popularity. For a long time we have been telling the world that "Mystery Magazine" contains the biggest value for ten cents of any similar publication on the stands. Thousands of people believed us, read a copy and were convinced. That is why our circulation is increasing so rapidly. And we hope to retain these new readers by constantly improving the contents of each successive issue. We mean to make this publication one of the most welcome callers in every household by trying to satisfy every individual purchaser. With this idea in view we have secured one of the greatest mystery detective stories ever written by your old favorite, Charles Fulton Oursler. This story is entitled "A Man from Siam." It is filled with interest, sparkles with adventure, and contains a mystery that will startle and pique your curiosity. There will be a good story by Emmett Campbell Hall, called "The Lucky Guy"; a weird spirit story, "The Thing that Walked by His Side," written by Edwin Carty Ranck; a remarkable sketch, "The Presence of Royalty," by Jack Bechdolt, and Arthur Lockwood contributes a police story, "Thief Catchers." The Oracle department will contain a clever article by Russell Raymond Voorhees on the subject of Chirognomy, or the science of reading the shape of the hand and fingers—a companion piece of the article on Palmistry. In addition we will publish several very good short stories, and articles on subjects of current interest. The brief items in this number are unusually fine and cover a great range of subjects.

We are so thoroughly convinced that the next number is going to be a wonderful improvement on all former issues that we intend to advertise it heavily in every city in the United States. The best recommendation, though, is for our readers to show a copy to their friends, for we are confident that they will like it the moment they read the delightful stories it contains. We therefore request you to lend this copy to one of your acquaintances after you finish reading it.

THE EDITOR.

# The LITTLE RED BOOK

by

## J. Alexander Young

### CHAPTER ONE

NEARLY every one Who's at all Who has dined or slept in the magnificently modern Hotel Gilmore. It is a small city in itself—a big New York hostelry, where distinguished foreigners adorn the front of the building with interesting silken flags to indicate their presence within as guests. Here, too, its famous banquet halls often re-echoed to the oratory of the brightly shining stars of both domestic and foreign finance and politics.

To maintain a permanent residence at the Gilmore is generally considered convincing evidence of a measure of worldly affluence and notable standing, of which no prominent American would feel ashamed.

One Sunday afternoon in the late fall three well-known men sat smoking and chatting, awaiting the arrival of two others, in a room on the third floor of the Gilmore.

They were in one of a suite—number 333—of five large rooms overlooking Broadway. Each of the five rooms had but one door that opened on a narrow, richly carpeted, private hall, which in turn had a single door opening on the spacious corridor near the public elevators. At one end of the inner hall was a full-length mirror set in the wall. By properly pressing a certain spot in its frame this mirror would swing aside to permit secret entrance through the cunningly concealed doorway into a large room fitted up as an office.

Guests in ordinary, passing this office in the general corridor, were wont to observe that its heavy mahogany door bore the gilt lettering,

"334
"MR. SPENCE,"

and upon inquiry they learned that Mr. Spence was chief of the hotel detective staff.

The arrangement of suite 333 was such that, with its door closed, the occupants of each room were safely assured of separate and detached privacy; and each was an exact replica of the other in size and costly fittings. In one corner stood a sound-proof telephone booth containing two instruments: one a regular telephone operated through the hotel switchboard, the other an outside one with an unlisted number. In another corner was an elaborate combination buffet and refrigerator, stocked with choice cigars, cigarettes, strong and mild liquids iced, cold meats, salads and sandwiches, daintily ready to satisfy the inner man.

The central and predominating article of furniture was a large round table covered with green felt. Two smaller folding tables and ten comfortable chairs completed the furnishings. Each was a card room de luxe where gentlemen of wealth, distinction and adjudged discretion might, among themselves, woo the favors of fortune with draw or stud poker, bridge whist, baccarat, or what they chose, provided they were sufficiently established in the favorable confidence of Mr. James Spence, director of the Gilmore corps of detectives and also gambler de luxe.

While the three devotees of poker were waiting the arrival of two more in order to start a five-handed game of draw, they had fallen into a discussion about thief-catching, and each of the trio, Kantwood, Drake and Stoneman, were exceptionally qualified to discuss the subject expertly.

Inspector Kantwood, head of the detective bureau of the New York police department, was internationally famous as a detective, especially successful in securing confessions from criminals, with perfected applications of third-degree methods.

Evans Drake, in his second term of office as District Attorney of New York County, had, by his pre-eminence as a cross-examining prosecutor during celebrated murder trials and his political activities, become a national figure in the news.

E. Lorin Stoneman, man of means, merited his enviable reputation as a scientific student of criminology and university professor of psychology. He had lately returned from a long trip abroad studying various police administrations in large foreign cities during the waves of crime following the close of the war.

Neither the interesting personal history of "Big Jim Spence" nor the story of the development of the then existing friendly understanding between Spence and the powerful and capable Inspector Kantwood has a place here. It is merely mentioned in passing to account, however vaguely, for the sense of absolute security against unwelcome intrusion felt by the distinguished three in this esoteric sanctum of gambling in the heart of the greatest city of the world.

One phase of their talk had touched on the extent to which American detectives relied upon professional stool-pigeons and volunteer informers in their attempts to unravel mysteries.

"It seems a pity," remarked the district attorney, "that the detective of fiction—the one who so cleverly uses trained brains and powers of deduction in solving crimes—so seldom is found in real life."

"Are you in earnest, 'Judge'?" asked Inspector Kantwood, in mild surprise.

"I certainly am," replied Evans Drake with quiet emphasis.

"And do you, Professor, share that light opinion of the abilities of our sleuths?" asked the inspector.

"Well," said Stoneman, "I believe I do. But perhaps, not being in a position to closely follow the activities of detectives by reading or hearing their reports from day to day, my judgment may be worth little."

"I am afraid, Judge, you are thinking in terms of trial cases and convictions rather than of the successful detection of crimes. It is one thing to solve a mysterious crime correctly and find the guilty criminal, but it is quite another to prove it to a jury. And"—here the inspector smiled with an air of genial superiority—"it is still another matter, even, to prove it to the district attorney's office after the truly guilty one is arrested."

This insinuating statement appeared to slightly nettle the district attorney, though he smiled good-naturedly as he said:

"That sounded a bit catty. Have any of my assistants been rubbing your fur the wrong way?"

"I guess they have; and while we are waiting for the others to get here, I may as well tell you about it. It will show something of a practical detective's ability if I begin at the beginning, and it will also give you advance information about one of the most important criminal cases in many a day—one we are about to make arrests in after months of work. Do you want to hear it?" inquired the inspector.

As his two companions hastened to signify their assent they quietly exchanged glances of pleased anticipation, for they knew this celebrated police official to be well worth listening to.

"You, Judge, will easily recall the day be-

fore yesterday how Judge Billings sentenced young Jim Gilbert to five years for forgery after he had pleaded guilty. And no doubt you, Professor, read the headlines about it Friday evening, "King of Forgers Gets Five Years." Many of the papers had it. My tale is the inside dope about that case, and those headlines told little of the story.

"Last winter and spring an awful howl went up about wholesale forgeries. Banks were constantly reporting, too late, the discovery of checks with forged signatures so well executed as to defy detection by experienced cashiers in the very banks they were drawn on; signatures they were familiar with. In many instances the forgeries had only been discovered after the canceled checks had been returned to well-known business men whose names had been counterfeited, and the talley of amounts drawn revealed that something was wrong. Some master penman was reaping a rich and alarming harvest. One of the most puzzling features of these operations was the fact that every forgery was that of a different name.

"Where could the swindler get access to so many different signatures in order to reproduce them with such accuracy?

"Then came a day last June when Jim Gilbert was caught redhanded in the Goliath National at the paying teller's window, as he waited to cash a phony check for $2,550. It was his tough luck that the man whose name was on that check chanced to stand waiting at his elbow and was astonished to notice his own signature at the bottom of the check in Gilbert's careless hands. Luckily, while the unsuspecting teller was counting the money out in small bills this man had the wit to do nothing to alarm the crook until after he had quietly called the bank's uniformed guard, and young Jim was grabbed.

"The bank's special officer who made the arrest reported to me privately, right after he had ridden with the prisoner in the patrol wagon to headquarters, that the only incriminating remark Gilbert made was to the effect that he could forge any signature ever written, and that he seemed suddenly to realize he had made a foolish admission, because he refused to do any more talking the balance of the ride.

"At headquarters the prisoner would talk smoothly enough and intelligently, but not about himself or the charge against him. And this in spite of the fact that we soon saw that he was a drug fiend. A search of the Rogue's Gallery and of our records revealed that he had been sentenced to Elmira Reformatory three years before for a single-handed attempted burglary. It appeared Gilbert had come to New York from some unknown part of the far West and had been arrested for burglary the second day after his arrival. He is only twenty-four now.

"Among various peculiar features of this case was the one that he had no coat nor hat on when caught, and this seemed to be evidence of an accomplice, but he confessed ten days ago he had hidden his coat and hat in an ashcan, wrapped in an old newspaper, where he could have easily retrieved it. He planned to create the impression that he was employed in a near-by office. In his confession he displayed an accurate and surprising memory for names and amounts of many of the forged checks, and by this knowledge proved he must have made a pile of money, but we have never been able to learn where he lived. No one ever went to the Tombs to visit him during the four months he has been there awaiting trial; no one sent him a dollar; he had no money for a lawyer; he went up for sentence Friday in a coat borrowed for the occasion from a fellow prisoner. We are fairly certain he sent no letters out from the Tombs prison, and are convinced that he received none since his arrest.

"At the time of his capture Gilbert might as well have been a man from Mars, except for the three-year-old record of his sentence to Elmira Reformatory. Because nothing we did or said budged him a bit from his refusal to say where he lived, who his friends or relatives were; and the more he evaded the more I became convinced he was an exceptionally shrewd thief.

"Elmira, you know, is as effective and efficient a school for crime as any our taxpayers maintain, and this Gilbert was a graduate.

"I selected a young detective named Fowler, a good-looking chap who had been pestering me to give him something else to do beside impersonate a society swell at the 'affairs' of the 400 where the jeweled fortunes, tiaras,

pearl dog collars, wedding presents and that sort of thing need police protection against the Raffles family. I told him to shoot up to Elmira and find out what he could about Gilbert. There is a rule in force up there that before a prisoner is released he must get a letter from some one who is willing to guarantee to provide him honest employment.

"Fowler was back in two days. I instructed him to stick on the case indefinitely, and he went to it."

The inspector was here interrupted by the sound of the ringing of the telephone, and with murmured excuse he arose and entered the booth in the corner. And there we will leave him for the present, while we turn time back from that Sunday afternoon in November, at the Gilmore "Chapel," as suite 333 was secretly named by its select pilgrims, to a June evening a week after the metropolitan newspapers had blazoned forth lurid headlines, *"Modern Jim the Penman, King of Forgers, in the Toils."*

---

## CHAPTER TWO

IN the days before prohibition, when New York's night life was enlivened with an unrestricted flow of booze, from champagne to mixed ale, the territory immediately surrounding the mammoth Hotel Gilmore was liberally dotted with well-patronized saloons and cafés, and each one of these had its own particular "regulars" who made it their steady hangout.

Here was "Tom's Place," where the drink dispensers, from the proprietor down to the porter, knew a select circle of customers by their first names, and were very well aware that the photographs of most of them adorned that section of the Rogue's Gallery set aside by the police for safe-crackers. There was "Jerry's," which served as a rendezvous for a coterie of the slickest confidence men who ever trimmed a sucker. And so on; each glittering café had a meaning all its own.

At that time the flocking together of birds of a feather applied as aptly to the buzzards of the underworld as to the eagles of banking circles.

But while prohibition revolutionized the habits and habitat of a vast majority of the denizens of Gotham's underworld, "Old Man" Guffey, who had made a fortune in his all-night drugstore, a short block off Broadway and almost in the shadow of the Gilmore, continued to do business at the old stand. Crooks who dallied with dope still called him "Doc."

Shortly after midnight, on the June night of reference. Guffey's drugstore was empty of customers. Simon, the night clerk, was a short, fat, jolly-faced man of forty, with an ever-ready smile which belied a shrewd, calculating greed and conceded a hard, unsympathetic nature.

The clerk had been busy, and he welcomed a chance to study the racing chart in the evening paper, but he had scarcely glanced at the sheet when a strange man came in the store and went to the small soda fountain. As Simon rather absently took the stranger's order for lemonade his attention was attracted by a brilliantly flashing diamond on the customer's left hand, and this caused him to look him over more carefully.

He saw a slenderly built man of thirty-five, with curly hair, fair skin and large blue eyes glowing with frank good nature.

"This guy's some kind of a slicker, but he's no dope fiend," the crafty Simon told himself as he served the lemonade, collected the money, went back to his sporting page and prepared to forget him.

Presently, however, he noticed the stranger stooping, searching the floor in front of the soda fountain.

"Did you lose something?" Simon inquired, coming from behind the counters.

"Why, yes," said the other, with obvious alarm and deep concern. "See"—he extended his left hand, showing a ring on it with an empty claw setting—"I had a valuable diamond, and I believe it dropped out here."

Then began an unavailing search for the missing diamond lasting some minutes. They could not find it. Finally the stranger pulled out a roll of money and, showing it, said:

"Boss, I'll give a hundred dollars for that stone if it's found. I've got to go now," glancing at his watch; "I can't wait, but I'll be back in a couple of hours to look again."

"Wait a minute, Buddy," said Simon, smil-

ing broadly now. "You're all right, but I used to be in that graft myself years ago."

"Why—what do you mean, graft?" was the indignant rejoinder.

"You know what I mean, Buddy. You know that in a few minutes after you go you'll send a side kick, another stranger, in here. And he'll stoop down and pretend to pick something up. And it'll be an unset, cheap imitation of a diamond. He'll expect me to be sucker enough to pay him real money, up to about fifty bucks, for that phony stone, because you tell me you will give me a hundred if it's found. Why, Bud, I forgot that graft. But I'll have to give you credit; you certainly can look and act the part better than I ever could."

During the foregoing speech the stranger had gradually abandoned his air of indignation, and now stood with a sheepish grin on his face, his manner confirming the truth of Simon's judgment.

"Well, old top, there's nothing like taking a plea when you are caught with the goods, but I hope there's no hard feelings?" He was again at ease, and his smile was winningly contagious.

"I should say not," returned Simon heartily, "but," he added, "what made you pick on me?"

"Nothing special; never was in this town before—just got in a couple of hours ago."

"Say," interrupted Simon, with a happy chuckle, "come on back of the partition for a minute, and I'll put you wise to a real soft mark for to-morrow night, or some night next week." He led the way, and the two had just taken seats in the small perscription-room when they heard some one enter the store. Simon motioned his guest to wait, and went out front to attend to business. The waiting man behind the prescription partition listened and plainly heard the following:

"Is Doc Guffey here?"

"No, sir. He left for home an hour or more ago."

"I am a police officer. What is your name?"

"My name is Simon Carter."

"How long have you worked here?"

"About five years."

"Then you know James Gilbert?"

"Gilbert? The name is familiar. Oh, you mean Jim Gilbert who worked here?"

"Yes. When did he work here?"

"He worked here for a couple of months the winter before last."

"When did you see Gilbert last?"

"Once or twice since he quit his job. But I haven't seen him or even heard of him for months."

"Don't you read the papers?"

"Sure I do, but, officer, do you mean to say this here Jim the Penman, named Gilbert, that the papers have been raving about is the same fellow who worked here?"

"Never mind. Where did Gilbert work before he came here?"

"I don't know. I never had much talk with him, because he worked days and I've always been on nights."

"Who are his friends?"

"I don't know; maybe Doc Guffey can tell you."

"Where did he live?"

"I've no idea."

"You know he came here from Elmira Reformatory, don't you?"

"No, sir, I never knew where he came from."

"What time will Guffey be here to-morrow?"

"About noon."

"All right. Good-night!"

The listener heard departing footsteps, and after a short pause the clerk came slowly back and joined him, asking:

"Did you hear what that flatfoot was saying?"

"Every word; I couldn't help hearing what the both of you said," was the reply.

"He must have thought I was some boob," contemptuously; "I'll have to call the boss up after a while and tip him off that the bulls have found out 'twas him gave Jimmy the job that took him out of Elmira." Simon paused, grew thoughtful, and then demanded: "Say, stranger, what's your name?"

"Oh—George Allen will do," said the other, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Is your picture in any gallery, George? Is there any kind of a rap out for you?" Simon seemed interested in his new acquaintance.

"Nothing like that, Mr. Third Degree,"

laughed Allen. "But," he went on, "do you think I'd be chump enough to tell it, if there was a warrant out for me? Anyway, what's it all about? I've got a new buddy waiting up the street for me."

"Now, listen here, George; you look pretty good to me. Say nothing to this new buddy of yours; come here to-morrow night late, and I may have a proposition that will fit you like a glove, with soft money in it, but you would have to drop your partner cold."

"That part is simple enough. I've kept out of jail by switching partners often, and I can't lose anything by dropping in to-morrow night." As he spoke Allen arose to take his departure, and the new friends parted with the understanding to meet the next night.

As soon as he was alone Simon turned to a desk in the prescription-room, picked up a telephone and called a Riverside number.

"Hello! This is Simon speaking. Is that you, Doc?"

"Yes. I just got home, Simon," came over the wire in familiar tones.

"A man from headquarters was here just now asking a lot of questions, and I told him you would be here at noon."

"All right, Simon. When Archie relieves you come up here and have them wake me. Everything else all right?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll turn in," and "Old Man" Guffey rang off.

## CHAPTER THREE

AT half-past nine next morning Simon Carter, Amos Guffey and his niece, Marion Guffey, were sitting in the library of the Guffey residence, near Riverside Drive, in the West Eighties.

Amos Guffey at 62 seemed ten years older. "He looks like a dried-up old woman," a sharp-tongued critic had once remarked of him. But though he was small and wizened, his keen gray eyes were clear, indicating an active mind that matched surprising physical agility and force.

Marion Guffey, in her early thirties, was an extraordinarily beautiful brunette; tall, full-bosomed and graceful, she radiated vigorous health. The glossy blackness of her hair and the darkness of her wide eyes conspired to accentuate the fairness of her fine skin.

Her Uncle Amos, whose secret boast that life held no further surprises for him, often found himself doubting that this amazing beauty who shared his roof could be the same uncontrollable little street minx who had roamed the streets of the old Tenderloin day and night. It was hard for Amos to reconcile to-day's queenly beauty, this culture, this carefully modulated contralto voice, this tastefully gowned woman of exquisite charm, with, to him, yesterday's imp of perverse wisdom.

The two listened carefully to Simon's recital of his quiz by the detective. When he had finished the Doc said: "All right, Simon, I'll simply tell them Marty Daniels, he's dead a year now, asked me to write the letter to Elmira, offering Jim Gilbert a job in the store, and I discharged him because I caught him using morphine. That will close that up. As long as we keep Gilbert stocked up with morphine in the Tombs he won't attempt to squeal."

"Uncle, Jim will not squeal, dope or no dope," said Marion with decisive finality.

"So much the better," commented Amos Guffey as he arose and left the library, adding from the doorway: "See you to-night at the store, Simon."

When he had gone Simon turned to his beautiful companion and began speaking rapidly in low tones. His manner was at once intimate and respectful, as one who addressed another of friendly superiority of judgment and authority.

"Listen, Marion; last night a man blew into the store and tried to 'put one over' on me, and if I had not been wise to every angle of the game he's working I might have been stung for fifty dollars or so. It's an old dodge, but it's a safe one because there's no risk of jail to it. The point I want to make is about this man himself. He's a stranger in New York, and he's about the niftiest-looking grafter I have seen in many a day. He looks to me like a guy who could get by with favorable notice in any bank in the financial district. He made such a hit with me I asked

him to come in again to-night after I had a chance to see you to-day. His name is George Allen. He's blond, curly-haired, past thirty, has little to say, but says it with his blue eyes holding yours."

"Did you give him any idea what he might be asked to do?" asked Doc Guffey's niece.

"No, all I said was something about soft money."

"Then give him one of my cards and tell him to call at the studio to-morrow afternoon at two." She drew from her purse a small card upon which was engraved Madge Garland, Studio 25, Palette Building.

Simon pocketed the dainty card and arose to take his leave, saying cheerily: "Marion, I have a hunch this Allen will make a better man than ever Jim Gilbert was. But," he said to himself as he left the house, "it's hard to tell what kind of a man he will be when she gets through with him."

Late that night, however, when George Allen and Simon were again alone together in the prescription-room, the smiling drug clerk used all his powers of persuasion to win Allen's consent to visit "Madge Garland" at her studio as planned. George, it appeared, had no great desire to "mix with women," and, "Anyway, Simon, 'old timer,' is this some kind of a badger game you are framing up, with me on the pay-off end? If it is"—Allen was chuckling—"you're wasting time on a very slim bank-roll."

Allen's main objection was the absence of explanatory details offered by Simon, whose reiterated reasons for the studio visit were summed up in "Big money in sight" and "This girl is a wonder, and if she butts you in her graft you're on Easy Street."

Simon won his point finally, and promptly at two the next afternoon Allen, well-groomed in faultless attire, presented himself at studio 25, Palette Building, on West 57th street.

For one who had so recently professed a positive aversion to mixing with women the light in George Allen's wide blue eyes glowed with a strangely warm interest when he found himself alone with the pseudo Madge Garland in her well-appointed studio. Whatever had been his speculations regarding her personality they were immediately forgotten in the first shock of his ungrudging realization that this was the most radiant creature he had ever met.

Nor, as she cordially received him and put him at his ease and comfort, did she find it difficult to be engagingly pleasant to this cleanly, curly blond chap who carried himself so well.

"Mr. Allen," she began, "your name was suggested to me by Simon Carter, and I asked to have you call that we might discuss a certain possibility. Mr. Carter could not give you any details because he doesn't know them, and before we go into them I hope you won't mind my asking you questions?"

"Miss Garland, I am not prepared to tell the story of my life to any one," was his smiling response. "And," he quickly added, "if the 'certain possibility' in any way calls for character references, or the like of that, we may as well call it a day or talk of the weather."

"Isn't that a rather short answer?" Her tone was lightly ironical, but she was nowise displeased.

"Well," he said slowly, "I did not mean it that way. You see, this is a most unusual interview, and though I am accustomed to live by my wits, they don't seem exactly equal to this occasion." He was obviously embarrassed, but the way he had of holding her glance reminded her of Simon's description of this interesting stranger.

"On the contrary, Mr. Allen," she assured him, "I feel that many of the questions are already answered to my satisfaction, and I am beginning to fear it is you who will ask questions hard to answer."

"No, I'm not curious by nature, Miss Garland, except about what Simon hinted to me of easy money in large gobs."

"Then listen. I am seeking a man who has no crooked connections in New York and against whom the police can point no suspicious finger. There is practically no limit to the money which can be cleaned up during the latter part of this year. But it will take some months of careful preparation. After the preparations are completed the clean-up must be made fearlessly by this one man at the rate of about twenty thousand dollars each day for three weeks. Until that time he runs abso-

lutely no risk of arrest, and experience has proven that for the first three weeks of a given month only stupidity or extreme carelessness would lead to his arrest. And the same operation can be repeated again in several months with equal success." Although as she spoke she seemed to pick and choose each word, there was no denying, Allen felt, that she spoke from conviction and without any attempt to stretch the truth or beguile him with false hopes.

"What does this bird get if he is caught right?" he asked.

"A first offender would probably have to do actual time of from one year to three," was the reply.

"How about his expenses during those months of preparation?"

"I would pay him one hundred every week. He would have to do certain legitimate work and keep away from any other graft," she said.

"The clean-up would amount to about three hundred and fifty thousand. What share of that would he get for himself?" asked Allen.

"One third of it."

"I've heard enough. Do you think I will suit?" He smiled into her eyes as he asked the question.

For a long moment she was at a loss for words, and a slow unaccustomed blush suffused her beautiful face. She dropped her eyes before his as though what he had said contained some hidden personal element, in no measure related to a crooked conspiracy; but rather in some subtle manner conveyed a message as from man to maid, unexpected, yet not unwelcome. Still silent, she arose, going into the small room adjoining the large studio.

Allen sat very quietly studying the rug at his feet. He was strangely thrilled and surprised at the sudden show of shyness where had been assured self-possession.

Presently she returned, again pleasantly cordial and businesslike.

"Here," she said, "is a hundred dollars for the first week. It may be two or even three weeks before we shall be ready to start you, but our arrangement commences to-day, and it is understood that you pledge yourself to drop any graft you may now be in. This is for your own interest as well as ours. Come here next Thursday afternoon, a week from to-day, and we will go into the details."

It was with a strong sense of the unreal that Allen accepted the money she offered him, and after an equally blurred exchange of commonplace trivialities made his way to the street. The uppermost thought in his mind seemed to be "She's some woman." It was running through his consciousness like the melody of a song.

---

## CHAPTER FOUR

A BITTERLY chill November wind swept through West Fifty-seventh street that evening at dusk. And to George Allen who heard it, sitting alone in the studio by the soft light of the old-fashioned open grate coal fire, it seemed to remind him that the summer had slipped away like a pleasant dream.

"A dream?" he asked himself, but the answer was a sudden contraction of his heart at the recollection of realities, and he glanced at his watch. Only seven o'clock, another hour before Amos Guffey, whom he had never met, would be due to arrive. The meeting had been arranged, as Marion had expressed it:

"So he can see you for himself."

Settling himself more snugly in the roomy comfort of the easy-chair, his gaze became fixed on the glowing coals, and as he watched the steady yet ever-changing flames, with their curiously magnetic allure for roving imaginations, he rapidly reviewed his association with the beautiful woman who had, as the days sped by, entered more and more into the hopes of his heart.

He remembered how on his second visit to this studio she had outlined what he was expected to do. She had given him a sealed letter addressed to the chairman of the board of managers of the St. Zenith Hospital. It had all been arranged, she said, that this introductory letter would positively secure him a legitimate position as a solicitor of charitable funds for that well-known hospital.

His job would be to call upon a selected list of professional men, merchants and bankers, all of whom were known to be charitably generous. Many of them were regular contribu-

tors, who would require no urging to donate a check. He was to solicit small amounts, no cash, checks payable to St. Zenith Endowment Fund. He was to avoid as far as possible, and as gracefully as might be, all social invitations and connections with those with whom he came in contact at the hospital and elsewhere. Above all, he must never betray to any one his knowledge of the existence of such a person as Madge Garland.

She had said, half questioningly:

"It seems to me, Mr. Allen, that you are particularly well fitted to do all this." To which he had readily agreed.

He remembered the peculiar silence that fell upon them; how it grew heavily oppressive, as though the air were weighted with his unspoken curiosity, with his desire for more details; remembered her suddenly rising from her chair, where she had sat reeling off his instructions as by the rote of a well-learned lesson; remembered the racing of his pulse as he furtively watched the splendid grace of her nervous pacing, before she abruptly resumed her seat, with a heightened color that intensified her compelling loveliness and bore witness to an emotional stress.

"It seems unfair," she began haltingly, "not to tell you everything. You are so—diff—so —intelligent. But I am really supposed not to tell you. But, oh!" impulsively, "I will tell you."

"You see, Simon works for my Uncle Amos. My right name is Marion Guffey—not Madge Garland—and though I can do pretty fair pen-and-ink drawings, I've never been taught. I'm a rank amateur. This studio idea is a new one of my uncle's; he thinks of everything.

"Not long ago a young fellow named Jim Gilbert was arrested downtown in a bank as he was passing a forged check. He's a dope fiend, and," she hesitated, "he is simply wild about me—just a crazy kid, eight years younger than me. He's in the Tombs now.

"Gilbert had a very slick way of fishing letters with a long wire he invented out of mail boxes in office buildings and on street corners down in the financial district. He'd bring a bundle of letters home to uncle's house in the early evening, and we'd steam them open, seal them up as they were and mail them again the same night, after we had copied the checks and put them carefully back. Many of the letters had checks in them, and I can quickly imitate any signature so well it is very hard to detect the counterfeit writing. Uncle Amos has some way of getting all kinds of blank checks and of getting a line on the financial standing of the names we got that way.

"So when Gilbert was arrested uncle figured out a better way to get signatures for me to copy would be to use his influence with St. Zenith's—he's been selling them drugs and supplies for many years—to get some one to solicit funds for them on a low commission basis. He originally intended that I would be the one for that job, because he said it would be next to impossible to find a crook we could trust for that work who was unknown to the detectives. He's always saying he knows more crooks in New York City than any one else, except the police.

"Simon, of course, knew Gilbert was arrested, and that we had to have some one to cash the forged checks. That was all he had in mind when he proposed for me to see you. He did not know of uncle's new plan to get a great number of checks all ready but for the dates, to cash them in rapid-fire fashion and then stop until the noise of it quieted down again.

"When I had seen and talked with you here last Thursday, and told Uncle Amos about you, I insisted you could do the soliciting quite as well as I, and"—here Allen had fancied he heard a new, singularly rich and warm note in her fluid contralto voice—"it struck me that you might not wait; you might have left New York before the time came for cashing the checks later on.

"But when you meet my uncle, please pretend you know none of all this, except the soliciting part and that you are to bring all checks here to me before turning them in to the hospital committee. You are to bring them in the late afternoon and call for them each following morning on your way to the committee office. Here's a key for the studio. I'll leave them in this big book, so you can find them easily."

Allen, sitting before the glowing coals, seemed to feel again the enveloping warmth of her glance as she so confidingly asked him to

pretend to her crafty old uncle that she had not divulged more than he had expressly told her to.

But why had she gradually changed toward him? Why had that trusting personal note been absent the next day? Why had it been increasingly withdrawn, to be replaced by a lightly impersonal business manner on the many succeeding days when he had so successfully solicited the checks and delivered them according to specifications? What had caused him to grow so shy in her presence that all of his fine plans to rekindle the fires of her interest had gone awry and come to nothing in spite of the fact that she was always alone in the studio when he went there?

"Is it possible," he asked himself in troubled doubt, "that she sus——"

A sharp knock sounded on the studio door behind him, and as he arose to go to answer it the knob turned and Amos Guffey stepped briskly in, closing the door quietly.

During the interchange of civilities between these two who had not met before, the younger man felt a trifle ill at ease under the searching scrutiny of the older, though nothing of this was apparent in the engaging mixture of respect and friendliness of his tone and manner.

Except for a single casual visit upon Simon Carter late one night, Allen had kept away from the all-night drugstore because Marion Guffey had told him her uncle had said it was unwise for him to be seen there on account of too many crooks drifting in and out of the store at all hours. On the occasion of that visit passing mention of old Doc Guffey had been made when Simon had asked if he had met "The Brains" yet, to which, of course, he had replied in the negative.

Now, as Allen and the old man settled themselves before the open grate to talk and the former caught the piercing glances directed on him, the recollection of Simon's nickname for Marion Guffey's uncle came to him with force and acted as a stimulating tonic to sharpen his wits.

"Young man," said Amos, "Madge Garland has been telling me you have made good so far, and I want to know if you are ready to start in next week and cash the phony paper in the banks?"

"Yes," was the simple reply.

"Then when Madge gives you the word, go to it as fast as you can, and bring the cash here to her every day."

"Suppose I get caught?" asked Allen.

"You won't be caught if you use your head," said the old man, "but if you are, remember it will do you no good to squeal, because the minute you are arrested I'll know it. You'll be watched on the job, and long before the cops can act there will be no evidence to support your story."

"Never mind my story!" Allen shot the words out viciously. "What I mean is what about my share if I get pinched after I've cashed—say—ten or twenty of the checks?"

"Oh," said Amos, considerably impressed and favorably, "you'll get a third of the cash every night as we go along." Then, after a pause, he added: "Now, Allen, if it should break bad and they get you, keep your mouth shut and follow instructions."

"How will I get those instructions?" inquired Allen.

"When you get to the Tombs," the old man lowered his voice as though fearful of being overheard, "one of two keepers there will come to your cell on the quiet. I have two of them right, and other keepers in Sing Sing just as right. I have been selling them dope for years, and they make big money selling it to prisoners—see?"

"You better tell me the names of the two in the Tombs now, so I could know I was not being framed in any way; hadn't you?" asked Allen.

The old man hesitated a bit, but finally leaned forward and whispered the names of the two keepers.

"All right. I'll remember them," said Allen, "and I'll take and send messages through them, but"—here he laughed pleasantly—"I don't expect ever to need to use them."

Their talk drifted away from the prospective forgeries and resolved itself into a series of reminiscences of Amos Guffey's. Each of his entertaining short tales, however, masked a cunning attempt of the old man to draw his companion into confidential revelations of his past criminal activities. Until, at length, Amos turned to the other abruptly with: "Say, Allen, you make a hit with me. You have such

a close mouth. That's what I like about a good grafter. I've got a place where I believe you can fit in to the queen's taste after we clean up these checks.

"You are the first man I've seen," he went on, a hint of admiration on his wizened face, "who ever has been thrown into close contact with Madge Garland who did not lose his head over her, and she has no use for any of them. Her name is really Marion Guffey; she's my brother's daughter."

"You don't tell me." Allen's polite exclamation registered convincing amazement.

"Yes," nodded Amos, pulling out his watch. "Well, it's ten o'clock, and I will be going home. To-morrow will be Sunday; suppose you come up to my house at four in the afternoon? I want to put this other proposition to you after I sleep on it." Going to Marion's desk, he wrote his address on a slip of paper, handed it to Allen and took up his hat.

"Here, you are forgetting your cane, sir," said Allen, picking it up. "My, it's a heavy one. Isn't it?"

"Yes," laughed the old man, "it's as good as a cop's night-stick in case some ambitious strongarm guy tries to get gay with me."

The two left the studio together and took leave of each other on the corner after agreeing to meet at Guffey's residence the following afternoon.

---

## CHAPTER FIVE

IT was scarcely an hour after he parted from George Allen at Fifty-seventh street when old Amos Guffey alighted from a Riverside auto-bus at the corner of the silent, dim-lit street, lined on both sides with the sedate homes of his well-to-do, highly respectable neighbors.

He was reflecting on a certain change in the actions of his niece, or did he only fancy she had changed, or was he getting old or something? No, there could be no doubt about it, Marion had held herself curiously aloof from him, and more and more during the past few weeks. Women were hard to understand, anyway.

"Now, this Allen—he seemed to be all." He had reached the house next-door to his own, and glancing up noticed the light was burning in the library of his house. "Ah," he told himself, "she's waiting to hear what I think of this Allen."

Something lower down attracted his attention; what was that moving shadow in the darkness by the basement gate? A man? Instinctively scenting danger, he tightened his hold on the heavy cane in his right hand. He halted.

Bamb! A revolver flamed its fiery message of destruction from the areaway, shattering the stillness of the night. Old Amos staggered, recovered balance and, swinging his cane aloft, struck with all his frightened might at the dark figure leaping closer.

The second bullet struck the old man at the same instant his heavy cane hit his assailant's wrist and knocked the smoking gun flying into the areaway, where it slid under the basement gate. With a yelp of pain the shooter sprang away and, running like a deer, disappeared without hindrance, while Amos quietly sank to the sidewalk and laid like a man asleep.

As though by the master direction of an unseen stage manager, at the instant the fleeing form had melted into the darkness up flew windows all about. Blanched faces leaned forth. Staccato "Ah's" and long-drawn "Oh's" from all sides, as the searching eyes found the huddled figure, so silent and still, so ominously silent and still.

Plang! Plang! The resounding wooden alarm of a cop's night-stick sharply rebounding from stone pavements.

Tap, tap, tap, tap! Swiftly clipping footsteps of a bluecoat coming on a run.

The unmistakable shrilly twisted, prolonged note of warning as a police whistle split the air; down the line an answering blast of thin discord.

The gentle folds of the night garment of that select residential neighborhood had been rudely torn by the pitiless grip of dramatic crime, and a man hunt was on.

At the startling report of the first shot Marion Guffey, sitting alone in the library, sprang to her feet in shocked silence. At the second she ran to the stairs leading to the basement; the shots had seemed to have come

from the direction of the kitchen. Then she heard the police whistle from the street and hurried to the front stoop.

She saw several people crossing the street cautiously, gingerly; saw the form on the sidewalk, and then she knew and flew down the steps.

They carried the unconscious old man into his house—a policeman, the physician from across the way and Marion—and carefully laid him on his bed. And in a few minutes three doctors were working over him, while she, wide-eyed, pale and mute, sped hither and thither at their swift bidding for clean linen and accessories necessary for their ministrations.

Having done what seemed possible, the three doctors and Marion stood grouped about the stricken man's bedside, grave apprehension plainly written on all faces.

Suddenly the old man's eyes opened, his lips trembled.

"Who did it, Uncle? Who shot you?" burst from Marion.

The lips parted, his blank gaze sought hers and widened with recognition; then momentarily clear came the words:

"Allen—get Allen—hurry——" His voice faltered, trailed unintelligibly and he relapsed to unconsciousness.

Before any of the doctors could reach her side the beautiful woman toppled to the floor in a faint, striking her head a heavy blow in falling.

A frightened housemaid directed the doctors to Marion's bedroom, and they brought their lovely burden there; but the Sunday morning sun was high in the heavens before she responded to treatment sufficiently to become aware of the dull pain of a wound in her head and returning realization of an overwhelming woe. Meanwhile events had moved swiftly.

Downtown at police headquarters, in the office of the detective bureau, Chief Inspector Kantwood was remarking to Lake, his stenographer.

"Well, Arthur, it's a quarter to twelve; guess we'll soon be going home. Saturday nights are not as busy here as they used to be before prohibition overtook us."

His desk telephone buzzed, and he took up the receiver. Then there ensued the following conversation over the wire:

"Inspector Kantwood?"

"Yes."

"This is Lieutenant Speed, fourth district; reporting shooting of Amos Guffey in front of his house on West 8—th street to-night at 10.47."

"What? Old Doc Guffey shot?"

"Yes, Inspector, he's dying. Doctors got a short statement from him that some man named Allen did the shooting. But no further particulars, because he was only conscious for a second or two."

"You say a man named Allen?"

"Yes, sir, the doctors gave me the name at 11.15, and I hurried two plain-clothes men in a machine down to cover Guffey's all-night drugstore. They had just got there and started to talk to the clerk, Simon Carter, when a man walked in the store and the clerk said, 'Hello, Allen; go in the back.' They immediately put Allen and Carter under arrest and kept them apart. They phoned up to me. I'm speaking from the Guffey residence. What shall I do?"

"Did they say what Allen looks like?"

"Only that he has curly blond hair."

"Who is in the house with you now, Lieutenant?"

"Three doctors, a maid, a cook, a patrolman and Miss Marion Guffey, the dying man's niece. She's in her bed unconscious from shock."

"All right. Listen, Lieutenant. You call the drugstore up at once. Instruct one of your men to rush this Allen down here to my office in a machine. Let your other man bring the clerk in later. Stay at Guffey's bedside in case he revives enough to talk again. Call me here if anything new shows."

Slowly replacing the receiver on its hook, the celebrated detective chief turned to his stenographer with a touch of brusque authority in his clipped sentences.

"Lake, notify Dr. Williams to report here immediately. In a few minutes an uptown plain-clothes man will bring in a prisoner named Allen. You stay in the outer office. When they arrive, send prisoner in to me alone. Tell the plain-clothes man to keep his trap closed while he's waiting. You do the

same. Hold Dr. Williams out there with you. Tell Charley I may need the car in a hurry soon."

With a respectfully murmured "Yes, sir," the stenographer passed to the outer office, and Inspector Kantwood sat quietly erect, his thoughts busily concentrated on what he had just learned. Nor did he stir until the heavy swinging door opened inwardly to admit the expected prisoner, and Allen entered the room alone.

Twenty long minutes later the uptown plain-clothes man sitting in the outer office with the others was considerably puzzled to see his prisoner open the door of the chief's sanctum and call:

"Oh, Doctor, please step in here, and you, too, Lake." It was the officer's first experience with the "front office," and he began to imagine the atmosphere surcharged with mystery.

When the police surgeon and Lake entered, Inspector Kantwood was again speaking into his telephone, connected with the Gaffey residence.

"We'll be up there in about a half-hour, Lieutenant. Good-by." He hung up. Then, to the surgeon: "Doc, we are going to take you to a dying man. Get your best skill ready. Give him a hypodermic injection of talk juice if you can." He arose briskly: "Lake, bring notebooks and pencils with you and I only hope you'll have good use for them. Come on, men; let's go."

Thus it was that at 1.10 a. m. Inspector Kantwood and Lake, his stenographer; Dr. Williams, the police surgeon; Clancy, the plain-clothes man with the "closed trap"—still closed—and Allen, the prisoner, alighted from the big automobile at the Guffey home. A brass-buttoned patrolman ushered them into the library, and Lieutenant Speed quickly joined them.

"Officer Clancy," ordered the inspector, "take the front stoop, and if any nighthawking reporters come snooping around, tell them no news is good news."

"Yes, sir," smiled Clancy, softly closing the door behind him as he went out.

With the closing of the door the inspector cleared his throat, became the focus of four pairs of intently serious eyes and began to speak with characteristic rapidity, but in low, guarded tones.

"Now, men, every second counts. We must get Old Man Guffey to talk. If he dies without speaking again, Allen here is in one hell of a mess. The doctors say there is absolutely no chance for the old man's life. Question of hours—maybe minutes. You, Dr. Williams, must do your utmost."

"I'll do what I can, Inspector."

"First," said Kantwood, "we'll move his bed to the middle of his room—with him in it. What kind is it, brass or wooden bedstead, Lieutenant?"

"It's a big brass bed, sir."

"Then we'll drape sheets over the head of the bed, put chairs there and sit hidden from Guffey, with the stenographer ready to take down what he says. We'll have one of the civilian doctors sitting with us. The only man Guffey must see is Allen—full light on Allen sitting by his bedside. Come on, we've got to try it." And try it they did.

In the front hall, however, as they were about to ascend the broad stairway leading to Amos Guffey's bedroom, they were unexpectedly halted by the sudden appearance of Clancy entering from the street. That tyro detective was visibly excited.

"Inspector," he breathed in an eager whisper, "there's a revolver layin' inside the basement gate. I couldn't reach it from the outside."

"Fine work, Clancy, but I'm glad you couldn't reach it. Get a piece of newspaper. Pick the gun up and wrap it carefully; be sure not to touch its surface with your hands. Get in my car and rush the gun down to headquarters. Tell them to put it under micro examination at once for fingerprints. Time is what counts, Clancy, so hurry." Then, turning to the others: "Come on up, men," softly adding: "Perhaps Lady Luck is with us."

After a brief consultation in the upper hall with the three doctors, dominated by the master will and superior authority of Kantwood, two of the three hastened to the side of Marion Guffey; the third joined the inspector's little force, and they entered the chamber where life was fast ebbing.

Swiftly competent, willing hands noiselessly set the stage there to dramatize the astute de-

tective chief's bid for the favor of destiny. Nor was he deterred by the positive declaration of all three attending doctors that the final seal of death was all but set on the pallid lips of the victim of murderous vengeance.

Was it the scientific medical skill of the police surgeon in finding the exact amount of stimulating strychnine and the injecting of it into the veins of the expiring old man? Was it some inner potency of the passing soul guided by a divine power, merciful and just? Was it by the spiritual agency of the intense concentration of wills by the hidden, motionless men who so anxiously strained eager ears behind the improvised curtain? Did the man they called George Allen, holding the limp hand of Amos, successfully exert some mysterious psychic, compelling force?

Who shall truthfully determine precisely what caused those shrunken, colorless old cheeks to gradually take on a vital flush that presently made the surgeon join the hidden men on tiptoe, with warning finger to his lips?

Amos Guffey's eyelids fluttered, a sibilant sigh issued forth from his throat, the eyes opened wide, passing from a blurred blankness into returning sight and consciousness. Allen spoke:

"Mr. Guffey, do you know me—Allen?"

"W—w—wa—ter," came a feeble plea.

Allen quickly brought a glass of water, and with a spoon moistened the parched lips and tongue. Then:

"Do you know who shot you?"

"Tom—Davis—shot me. Ask—Simon——" The words came distinctly.

"Why did Tom Davis want to kill you?" persisted Allen.

The dying man's eyes grew brighter as, with a final flash of vitality, with an effort that exhausted his strength, he gasped out his last words: "Allen — get — little — red—book—safe."

---

## CHAPTER SIX

"IT was at two in the morning, a week ago to-day, gentlemen, that old Amos Guffey, believing he was safely alone with Allen, and more than likely realizing he was cashing in, told of the 'little red book' and the 'safe' with his dying breath. He was buried yesterday morning."

It was Inspector Kantwood speaking to the district attorney and Professor Stoneman in "The Chapel" of the Gilmore Hotel.

The Sunday afternoon had lengthened into early evening since the noted detective had begun his own recital of the events recorded in the preceding account. And although the two gentlemen whom they had expected to complete a congenial quintet of poker players had failed to arrive, the inspector was well aware he still held the absorbed interest of his hearers.

"I might, in passing," continued he, "mention that when I heard the dying man state Tom Davis had shot him a great load had suddenly been lifted from my mind.

"We commenced a systematic search of the room and its contents, extending it throughout the house except the chamber where the doctors worked tirelessly to restore consciousness to Marion Guffey. But we found no trace of any 'little red book.'

"Shortly after daybreak Clancy returned from headquarters with the welcome news that the assassin's revolver bore unmistakable fingermarks corresponding to police records of the thumb and a finger of one Tom Davis, alias Thomas Brandon, an ex-convict known to be one of an active band of desperate waterfront thieves.

"We happened to have reached the library in our search, and after Clancy gave me his report he drifted out of the room and I resumed direction of a bootless hunt among the book shelves. We were still at it when I heard some one racing up the stairs from below, and Clancy, his clothes covered with dust, an electric torch in a grimy hand, stuck his head in the door.

"'Inspector,' he whispered, 'there's a small safe down in the cellar near the coalbin.'

"It seemed to be a rather easy old safe, and I decided to take a long chance on having a look inside of it, so I sent for Sergeant O'Neill and told him to rip the door open. I'm glad I took the liberty, because the little red book was there and several other valuable bits of memoranda, all written in the dead man's precise handwriting, but never intended for other eyes than his own."

Professor Stoneman had arisen with an understood gesture for the inspector to continue and going to the buffet, quietly prepared a certain forbidden concoction in three tall glasses on a tray, and with a Chesterfieldian grace worthy of a duchess's butler now silently offered the other Chapeltonians a liquid reminder that there is still balm in Gilead.

And then there followed a peculiar ritual, a short silence broken by three distinguished citizens pronouncing simultaneously the two enigmatic words, "Here's how," each in exactly the same tone and with the same facial expression.

The celebrated detector of crime drew a long breath of contentment, and remarking, "That was some busy day," he again took up the thread of his narrative.

"My next important move was to get the soleum pledge of each of the three civilian doctors to keep what they knew of the criminal side of the case secret until notified that they were free to talk. Then for several hours I puzzled over the contents of the little red book, becoming more and more certain of the great significance it held. It was one of those thick gilt-edged six-by-eight-inch leather-bound books such as are sold by jewelers on the avenue. On its cover was 'DIARY, 1920' in sunken gilt.

"The first twenty pages were all headed 628 West 14th St. First entry was Thomas Brandon—May 1, 1920—2 yrs.—$2,400.—monthly—pd. $600. Many successive entries followed, like: May 4—2788 lbs. West Shore, Tom and Leo—pd. $50. Further on in the book were several pages headed 1164 Pearl St. First entry: Thomas Brandon—June 15, 1920—1 yr.—$1,800—monthly—pd. $450.

"Under this followed pages of entries like: June 17—60 blts. 422 yds. blue fig.—Andy, Tom, Mike, Tony—pd. $100.

"Then there were what were obviously personal accounts with nine men, under headings with the name, address and telephone numbers of each, and corresponding with Tom, Andy and the rest, showing amounts of cash advanced on various dates, all written in the neat script of Amos Guffey." The inspector paused, drained the tall glass at his elbow and leaning forward on the arms of his chair, began to speak more rapidly, the words tumbling out in his desire to terminate his tale.

"'Twas a gold mine of information. We acted on it pronto. Kept at it night and day since. Nine o'clock this morning twenty of my best men surrounded a warehouse at 628 West 14th street. Took six of the little red book men at the point of revolvers. At the same minute same thing was happening down at 1164 Pearl street; bagged two more there. Tom Davis, or Thomas Brandon as he signed himself on the leases of the two warehouses, was taken as he left his house to go down to the 14th street place this morning. His right wrist was in splints, broken, and when he was arrested he hurt it again in a foolish attempt to jump out of the detectives' car. They have had him at Belleview Hospital getting it reset. Lake told me, that last phone I got, he is safe in a headquarters' cell now."

"By the way, Judge," said Kantwood to the district attorney, "this desperado has been living in that swell new apartment house on the corner of your street for the past eight months."

"You don't tell me," commented Evans Drake with unlifted eyebrows; "but did you find out," he asked, "the motive for the murder?"

"You'll see the motive plainly when I tell you what this bunch have been pulling off, Judge. We recovered upwards of a half million dollars' worth of silk in those two warehouses this morning. Tom Davis came home from doing three years at Sing Sing two years ago, and got himself a job with a big private detective agency that is hired to protect the steamship piers against robbery. Losses by theft from the docks run into seven figures every few months. He got the job because they knew he was acquainted with most of the waterfront thieves, and he made good from time to time by turning in the name of some thief he had no use for.

"He probably planned from the first to organize his own mob of crooks, and the first recruit seems to have been Leo Slipsky, another private detective who had charge of one big pier and, like himself, had easy access to many others. These two soon got as daring a half-dozen of as crooked chauffeurs as could be found willing to work on the big double

trucks, hauling merchandise for honest wages and what they could steal. All of them knew that the most valuable stuff they could specialize in was silk.

"And because both the raw and finished silk comes in distinctive outer casings they could spot the booty at a glance as it lay on the piers awaiting to be carted away. It was an easy matter to load it on a truck while one or both of the detectives stalled any inquisitive busybody who might happen along.

"Davis had got the dope habit in Sing Sing, and when he was coming home the keeper who was selling it to him told him where he could buy it any hour of the day or night when he got back to New York—at old Doc Guffey's."

"Pardon me, Inspector," interposed the professor, "but you said Davis and the others were only just arrested, therefore how can you know these details? They haven't scarcely had time to confess, that's why I ask."

"In the beginning," said Kantwood, with a twinkle in his eye, "I told you that I assigned a detective named Fowler on this case. Did I not?"

"Yes," agreed the professor.

"Well, twelve hours after the murder last Saturday night Fowler caught up with Tom Davis, and has been in his company all week, as you shall see. And," he added, "both Fowler and Davis were constantly shadowed by no less than six central office detectives all the week. It was done this way: Fowler and I felt certain Davis had no knowledge of the existence of the little red book. I gave the newspapers an account of the murder which stopped at the actual point where the dying man's niece had asked him who shot him, fainting when he accused Allen. But they had no description to print of Allen. So the headlines ran: 'Dying Druggist Accuses Allen.' Only last night one paper had 'Sleeping Sleuths Still Seek Slayer.'

"Fowler and I, after carefully reading it over, believed Davis could know nothing of the red book, and there was a strong possibility he imagined Guffey had in the dark failed to recognize his slayer. Davis therefore might be at the red book address. I sent six men to cover the apartment-house on all sides, and Fowler called the telephone number asking to speak to Mr. Brandon. He got Davis on the wire, and told him he was Allen and wanted to see him right away. Davis swallowed it, hook, line and sinker, inviting him up.

"Gentlemen, this Fowler looks like real money; he can talk like it, too. He introduced himself to Davis as Allen. He said to him that if there was a Bible in the flat he'd like to take an oath on it; that although he never had any love for old Guffey, the papers were wrong and he was innocent of murdering him. He was, he said, in the old man's company an hour before he was killed. That was when Guffey had given him Brandon's address and telephone number. Guffey had asked him to try to come there that Sunday night to meet Brandon and the three were to talk money.

"Davis pricked up his ears and wanted to know what money. Fowler then spun a yarn about having made hundreds of thousands of crooked dollars during the war. He said Guffey knew about it and approached him. 'I told Amos,' lied the bogus millionaire, 'I would take a chance on stolen goods by carload or shipload lots, but nothing small. Amos seemed to like that, and then he gave me your name, as I just said. That's all I know, except that I must stay away from home for a while until this hunt for me dies down.'

"Just as we had hoped, all that was music to Davis; he had killed Amos to steal his share of the silks in their warehouses after Amos had advanced the gang cash to allow them to accumulate a big stock of it. They were getting impatient to turn the silk into money. In short, Davis warmed up to the pretended buyer amazingly. Fowler was not long getting his entire confidence. We delayed the arrest of the murderer in order to round up the whole band to-day right in the warehouses while they were busily uncrating the goods and putting brand-new coverings with new markings outside of the cases. These arrests mark the most important captures in many a moon, and we recovered silk that may run close in value to a million dollars."

"What happened Simon Carter?" queried Professor Stoneman.

"He'll be turned loose to-morrow. No evidence against him."

"What about the real Allen?" again from the professor.

"There was no real Allen, Professor; Allen really was George Fowler, the only blond, curly-haired detective working out of my office. The Jim Gilbert Elmira Reformatory clue was all he had to start with, and he certainly followed it in a practical way."

"What will happen in the forgery case of Marion Guffey?" persisted the inquisitive professor.

"Marion will get life; the sentence will be pronounced by a sky pilot in a couple of months; she will be shackled in bonds of love to George Fowler."

"What's that?" came from the district attorney, a bit snappily; "are you passing up a guilty forger just because it happens to be a bewitching woman?"

"Judge," smiled the detective chief, "I said it's hard at times to prove guilt to the district attorney's office when you're positive you have caught the right criminal. I had Marion Guffey arrested last week, but your assistant, Mr. Oxley, said he would not take her before the grand jury. So I did my duty. But, believe me, I'm glad. Do you know what that girl did?" he demanded with some heat, and then went on: "The very first talks she had in that studio with Allen—I mean Fowler—she looked in his eyes and saw a clean heart there.

"She recognized it at once because all her life she had looked only in soiled eyes, eyes reflecting twisted souls warped by evil. She fell in love with what she saw there and her woman's heart changed. She only pretended she was going on with the forgeries; she did not copy one of the checks George was bringing her. She was stalling from day to day, hoping and praying she might find a way to prevent this man going the way she thought he was headed.

"How do I know? I was the one who had her under the third degree in my office. I told her Allen was a detective. And if you could have been there and seen the blaze of happiness in her lovely face when she said, 'Then he is not a thief?' you would say with me now: George Fowler is one lucky guy."

---

## AFRICA'S OLD CLIFF DWELLERS

SKELETONS and weapons of a colony of cliff-dwellers, believed to have lived more than 12,000 years ago, described as a pre-Bushman race—the earliest known race of man inhabiting South Africa—have been discovered by F. W. Fitzsimmons, Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, during his investigations of the cliff dwellings overlooking the rocky shores of the Tzitzikama region, between Humansdorp and Knysna, Cape Colony, Africa.

The discoveries are declared to be of greater importance and antiquity than the fossil skulls recently unearthed in Northern Rhodesia, and it is the opinion of Mr. Fitzsimmons, says the *Rapid Daily Mail*, that his excavations prove that these cliff dwellers were antecedent to the primitive Bushmen.

"It is a point of great interest," he says, "that the cliff dwellers remains we have unearthed were not of stunted physical growth, but, according to their skeletons, big men and women."

The rock shelters are in the faces of the cliffs which overlook the sea, and it was in some instances necessary to cut a way up to them from the seashore.

"I have obtained specimens of practically everything obtainable in these cliff dwellings," Mr. Fitzsimmons says, "including a number of human skeletons, bone chisels, awls, beads and food grinders. The cliff dwellers ate shellfish, dug pitfalls for animals, and their shelters were only accessible by perilous pathways, a slip from which would have been certain death.

"Until now they were erroneously termed Pygmy Bushmen, but I am able to prove that they were physically big and the ancestors of the Pygmies, who eventually became stunted because their forbears lived in these low-roofed caves."

# The Green-Looking Cashier

"IT isn't no use in saying that I haven't been a crooked man in my time," he remarked as he leaned back against the door and pulled his hat down. You all know that I'm just out of the Ohio Penitentiary after serving ten long years for trying to work a bank, and it's no use in me denying it. Howsomever, there was more in that case than the papers ever got hold of, and it will be no harm to tell it.

"To begin, I was knocking around Cincinnati, hard up and discouraged, when an old pal of mine comes along one day with a soft snap. He had struck something to gladden our hearts. In a village about fifty miles away was a bank. That wasn't so very curious, as you may think, but it was a new bank, and the officials were a set of greenhorns. The president was an old farmer, the bookkeeper a former miller, and the cashier—well, he was described as just the greenest specimen ever brought in from the cornfields.

"My pal had 'piped' the bank until he knew how everything went. When noon came the president and bookkeeper went to dinner, leaving the greenhorn alone. Indeed, he ate a cold luncheon at his desk. It was a chance if any one came in between twelve and half-past one, and the two of us could do that cashier up as slick as grease with any of the old tricks.

"Well, in a day or two we went up there, and it worked like the biggest layout I ever came across. As you entered the bank there was an inclosed space to the right, with a gate to enter. This was the president and bookkeeper's quarters, while farther along, on the same side, was the cashier's place, but not divided from the other by any railing. When the cashier was at the pay window his back was toward the other space, and also to the big safe. The latter stood at least twelve feet from him against the other wall, with all the doors wide open.

"Why, when I came to enter that bank and see how easy it was to frisk that safe I was laid out with astonishment. And then the greenness of that cashier! Why, gents, he didn't seem to know no more about a draft on New York than about the complexion of the man in the moon, and after I had detained him at the window fully ten minutes on one pretext and another, just to see if it could be done, we went out feeling that we had the cash in that safe dead to rights.

"The time appointed was the next day noon, and when we had seen the president and the bookkeeper out of the way my pal entered and walked to the pay window and got a bill changed, and then began to dicker about a draft. I entered the bank on tiptoe soon after him. The gate was open, as also the door of the safe, and the cashier, with his back to me, was feeding himself as he talked. Why, sirs, it makes my mouth water to think of what a glorious opportunity was before me! I had on rubbers, and I slipped halfway to the safe as softly as the serpent creeps. Then there was a growl and a rush, and a dog about the size of a yearling steer flung himself upon me. I went down with a crash, and the dog held me there; but while it was happening I heard the click! click! of a revolver, and the greenhorn on a cashier coolly saying to my pal:

"'I'm on to you, my friend! If you move hand or foot I'll let daylight through you! Tiger. hold that fellow fast!'

"His left hand slid down to a button, and the next moment a bell outside was ringing a fire alarm and collecting a crowd of people. They came rushing into the bank by the dozen, and, of course, our cake was done for. I got ten years for that little operation, and my pal took seven for his share. It turned out that the bank was guarded in all sorts of ways, including dogs and spring guns, and that the seeming greenhorn of a cashier had been imported from a Philadelphia bank. He had spotted us at first sight, and had given us rope to hang ourselves."

# THE TILL TAPPER

by

## Wm Hamilton Osborne

BIRKENHAUER, the baker man, mopped his perspiring brow.

"How should this here happen so often like this here once again," he demanded of his wife. It was ten o'clock at night, and they were sitting, this here Birkenhauer, baker man, and this here Wilhelmina, his young wife, in the bakery, with curtains drawn, with doors locked for the night, counting the proceeds of the day.

"How should what happen so often like this here?" demanded Mrs. Birkenhauer, stifling a yawn. She was not at any instant interested in Birkenhauer. On the contrary, she was justifying The Green Store in its advertising, for her wistful eyes devoured the counterfeit presentment and the price list of The Green Store wares as they appeared in their accustomed place upon the last page of the daily *True American*. Birkenhauer once more wiped his steaming brow.

"What should happen more again?" he demanded, in offence at her indifference; "this should happen: fifteen cents short once more again. This here is what."

He gulped down his mug of beer, for this happened before prohibition became a law. "Ten cents short this was last night again, and seven cents the night before. What does this mean?"

The lady yawned once more. Then she laid down her paper, and stretching a well-rounded arm across the table she drew towards her the little pile of coin. "Let me count it," she conceded; "I have mathematics more as you. And I don't muddle up my brains with beer. One and one is two, and six—and ten—and five." At the end of half an hour she nodded. "Twenty cents short," she announced triumphantly; "twenty, I say. You drink so much of this here beer that you cannot count so straight no more."

"Say nothing about this beer," commanded her lord and master, "for beer makes me five cents short less than you. I make it fifteen, and you make it twenty." He rose and ambled toward a dark corner. "I gets me more beer," he said, "and then, well, maybe it comes down to ten. That is *not* the point," he exclaimed after another gulp of foaming liquid; "this is the point: How comes this here. How should it be that for night after night we should be two cents short, five cents short, seven, fifteen? Where is this here thief who robs this till?"

She shook her head. "I ain't sure," she answered, "that there is any thief who robs this till. Maybe customers cheat you in change, maybe you only think you take in the money."

"Woman," thundered her liege lord, "who

talks to me this here ways? Am I not Birkenhauer, of Birkenhauer's Bakery? Am I not business? Have I not been keeping my own till all my life? Who are you, light-headed, unbusinesslike womans, to tell me how to keep this till?"

Mrs. Wilhelmina Birkenhauer shrugged her shoulders. "Half the time are you asleep here in this store," she said; "no wonder you lose moneys. All the thieves in town, too, might rob and murder here before your eyes, and you—how should you know. Either asleep you should be, or else over across the street in Bodenstein's saloon."

Birkenhauer rose in his wrath. "You say such things as these here to me?" he demanded.

"Yes," she replied, "and I say more. There are things that I should know, and I should know them now." She tapped the table with her fingers. "Do I get me this here Mary Garden hat for Easter, or do I not? Such is the question in this bakery just now."

Birkenhauer leaned back weakly in his chair. "This Mary Garden hat for Easter," he exclaimed; "who talks of Easter in this month. Why, womans, Christmas is not here—not even yet. Maybe something stronger as beer you should have been drinking. Here comes Christmas. After that still comes New Years, and afterwards is Lincoln's birthdays and Washington's birthdays, and Irish days, and moving days, and all before Easters, and yet you talk already of these Mary Garden hats."

"You mean I ain't got through talking of these hats," she answered; "it was last Easter—it was two last Easters ago that I talked of Mary Garden hats. But it don't do no good; it hasn't done no good, but *now* it should do good. So I begin right now. Do I get new hats like this or do I not?"

"Extravagant womans," exclaimed Birkenhauer, "three years ago when we marry, did I not buy for you an Easter hat—three years—and now you want some more."

The lady tossed her head. "Three years ago," she sniffed, "I marry you—some old widowers, hein? And you buy me nothing. I buy me my own Easter hat three years ago, myself—out of my estate."

"Hein?" he grunted, "your estate? Such is why I married you—because I hear this talk about this here estate. And no estate have I seen—not up to date, not yet. Where is this here estate of yours that I married you for?"

"You didn't marry me for no estate," she returned; "you married me for just what you told me, just because you loved me, and for that I should be such a good-looker, and so fat and plump, and that. And what for did I marry you? Because I see some easy life with old widowers, some Easter hats maybe, and not such slave's work as I do. Do I get that there hat or is it not."

Birkenhauer blinked. Then he chuckled. "You can get that there hat for this next Easter," he began.

"My Herman!" she exclaimed ecstatically. But he waved her off.

"You can get that there hat, womans," he went on, "out of this here estate of yours—not out of me."

She retreated in humiliation. "And I keep on slaving—and you keep on drinking beer?"

"The woman's part," assented Mr. Birkenhauer, "should be to keep on slaving and making this here husband of hers comfortable like some widowers married twice should like to be, and it is the man's part to drink the beer to keep these here brains of his clear for this business part of this bakery. Now you see and now you understand. Hein?"

Wilhelmina Birkenhauer folded her arms and threw into her glance a venom that would have made any man save a widower squirm to the depths of his soul. She pushed back the pile of coin.

"Twenty cents short," she sniffed, "and I hope some thieves keep on making you short like this all the time, I do."

Her hope, singularly enough, eventuated. Day after day, day after day Mr. Herman Birkenhauer, astute business man of the Seventh District of the Eighth Ward, awake and asleep, sat at his post in his business-like bakery and took in money and paid it out, except of course when he slipped across the street to Bodenstein's. At first he confided to his soul, but not to his wife, that he probably was much mistaken, but along in February, after he had spent several days in the most deliberate methods of making change and of putting down every cent on paper as he took it

in or paid it out, leaving no loophole for bad memory, Birkenhauer made up his business mind in the most positive manner than his till was systematically being tapped. And, what is more, his plump young wife came finally to agree with him.

"Who should it be, though?" she demanded; "it is only you who watch the store and sometimes me. And we see no one at all."

Birkenhauer slowly winked his eye. "Have you noticed this here Max Pflug, our head baker in this bakery, yet? How he dresses smart? And flowers in his buttonhole every morning he should wear? And new derby hats? Eh? Hein?"

She shook her head. "You should be way off about this here Max Pflug, head baker," she returned, "for why? All these nice things does he wear—what for? Just for me to see."

Birkenhauer's fat face grew suddenly white and clammy and then turned a lobster red. "For you to see!" he exclaimed; "what business have you for to see him all the time, anyhow, I should like to know."

The lady shrugged her shoulders. "How could I help seeing him or how he wears this here buttonhole bouquet, when I work like some slavery in the bakery with him all the while? And he likes to look swell so I could to see him when he comes." She stopped and shook her finger at Birkenhauer. "You tell me this, widower," she exclaimed, "so it is beer takes you over to Bodenstein's all the time, should it be? What about this here skinny sister-in-law over there? Eh? Tell me some of such."

Birkenhauer's red deepened into the deepest of scarlets. "She is not skinny," he exclaimed: "ach, what am I saying? How do I care what she is? She passes the time of day with poor old widowers who is not treated by his wife just right."

"And she dresses up for you?"

Birkenhauer swelled with pride. "Well, she likes brainy business mans," he said, "and she likes to hear me talk."

"And you like to look at her," exclaimed his wife, "and I shall tell you why. It is because—not that she is anything to look at—not at all. It is her clothes. She makes much of her bones; she puts swell things on them, and she looks nice just because she goes to this here Green Store and——"

Birkenhauer held up his hand. "Gott in himmel!" he exclaimed, *"seventy-five cents short."*

Once more his wife folded her arms. "Well," she said calmly, "what do you do about it? Nothing? Hein?"

"It is too much, too much," he wailed, "seventy-five cents short I cannot stand. I shall call in Constable Meyer for advice."

Meyer, the constable of the thirteenth district court, obeyed the summons. The very next evening he was closeted with the baker and his wife. They furnished him with the history of the case up to date.

"My opinion is," said Meyer judicially, "that some person robs this till. Such I believe to be the fact. The question is now, what effect does this here money have—cause and effect? Sometimes seventy-five cents, sometimes fifteen cents, sometimes two cents. Just like these paying-tellers at the bank. And where goes this money? I shall tell you: wine, women and song. Somebody leads a double life on these here robbings. Who is the man?"

"Seventy-five cents a night would buy a whole lot of songs," admitted Birkenhauer, "and I believe you to be right, friend Constable Meyer. Double life it is, and I should tell you who it just could be the double-lifer. It is this here——"

"Wait," demanded his wife; "give friend Meyer full chance. He is this here Sherlock Holmes of this district court. Say nothings. Let him investigate and poke his nose into our business and let him find out for us. When he says this is the man, then is plenty of time to act."

"Frau Birkenhauer is right, baker," said Meyer; "give me full rein, follow my instructions, and I land this here double-lifer in the jail. Watch out."

They watched out, but without success. Meyer and Birkenhauer and Mrs. Birkenhauer took it to turn and turn-about. But every night, as sure as fate, there still remained the evidence of crime. The unknown, the invisible, got in his fine work day after day without let or hindrance. Winter slipped into spring and he still worked his game. It was in March

that Birkenhauer held up his hands in grim despair.

"Twenty-one dollars and sixty-eight cents, friend Constable," he said to Meyer, "and yet we have him not. He should be dead with this fast living. Come to Bodenstein's and we shall drink to his destruction. And listen"—arm in arm they crossed the street—"listen," he went on, "I have not confided you so much as my suspicions about this thief. But I shall tell you this: I have my eye on one. Who do you think?"

"You don't suspect me?" exclaimed Meyer, who, to do him justice, had committed most crimes except the crime of being found out.

"Not you," returned friend Birkenhauer, "but my head baker, Max Pflug. He should be the man."

"I had not thought of him," soberly responded Meyer.

Suddenly Birkenhauer, leaning over Bodenstein's bar, gripped Meyer by the arm. "What is that?" he asked. Then his face broke into a smile, for down the staircase came the voice of Mrs. Lena Kleinfeldt, Bodenstein's sister-in-law.

"Herr Birkenhauer," she exclaimed as he ascended to the parlor up above, "I could not help it. I should so want you to see me in this here Mary Garden Easter hat. Just look."

Birkenhauer, who had judiciously left Meyer below, stood still in stolid admiration. Donner und blitzen!" he exclaimed, "but you should set them there hat and dresses off to this here perfection. Many womens have I seen, but never, not such ladies in my life."

Lena Kleinfeldt blushed. "Oh, such fibs as this," she answered; "your wife should be as nice as this, anyway. Eh?"

Birkenhauer shook his head. "My wife would be all right," he answered, "only she didn't have no estate. She said she did, but she did not. So I have to like a lady what looks like a lady, like you there, when that I see one now and then. I like this hat. I like this dress. Everything I like. So there."

That day there was a dollar missing from the till. Meyer pounded the fancy cake counter so hard he broke the showcase glass.

"That settles it, friend baker," he announced; "next week is one of these here light weeks in the district court. Easter Monday and all such foolishness, and these judges lays off and drinks highballs for a while. How much shall I do: From now on, from this to-day, this Friday afternoon, do I do this for you: I shall sit beside this till; you will keep beside me a pitcher of this beer all the while, so I don't need to go to Bodenstein's. And I shall catch this till tapper, or I shall die in the attempt. You see?"

He was as good as his word. But that day he caught no one. The next day—Saturday morning early—he took Birkenhauer to one side.

"Baker," he exclaimed, "let us use some ingenuity, some invention. A human detective—he is all right. But what do you say to an automatic detective? Hein?"

"Sounds good so far," admitted Birkenhauer.

"You come with me," said Meyer. After leaving Bodenstein's on their way down the street they stopped at Callaghan's, the druggist. They buttonholed Callaghan.

"Chemist Callaghan," said Meyer, "you have some knowledge of these blue pencils that make a mark that don't come out; we use these here in this court sometimes."

"Indelible pencils," admitted Callaghan.

"Indelible is the word," returned Meyer; "you get them on your fingers and they don't wash off. Now what I want is not these here indelible ink pencils, but I want some powder like what they should be made of."

"Aniline dyestuff!" returned Callaghan, "sure—blue aniline dye. How much do you want?"

"One cent's worth," exclaimed Birkenhauer, the business man.

"Can't give you a cent's worth," said Callaghan, "but, say, look ahere." He stepped to a wooden case upon the counter. "How's this; this is pure as anything. Five cents a packet. Put up specially."

"What is this?" queried Meyer.

"Easter egg dyes," said the druggist, "just ordinary aniline stuff. Just what you want. I use the red kind to make red ink. What'll I give you—blue? All right. Nickel apiece. Just one. All right. And thanks."

The conspirators left. "Come with me,"

commanded Meyer. By way of Bodenstein's they finally reached the Birkenhauer bakery.

"Watch out," said Meyer, "what I do." He opened the cash drawer and tore a hole in the envelope that Callaghan had furnished him with. "I sprinkle this here indelible blue pencil ink dye on this here cash, friend Birkenhauer," he said, "and I take my seat here by this till, and I drinks my pitcher of beer. And then no matter do I see or not. Along comes this here thief, and what does he do? He takes his two cents or his two dollars out of this drawer, and this powdered indelibleness sticks to his fingers and he carries this stain with him until he gets some new skin growing outward, wearing it off like, and there you are. We have him, eh?"

Birkenhauer watched the process with growing amazement. "Friend Meyer," he exclaimed, "you are the wonderful Sherlock Holmes of this here ward."

"Set a thief to catch a thief," murmured Meyer, "or I should say," he added, "that a good constable like I have been knows many things in this here realm of science."

He placed the unused portion of the dye, still in its envelope, upon the shelf behind his chair—a fact to be remembered because of the future current of events. Then he gulped his beer. Then he nodded to Birkenhauer. "I revise my statements," he added; "I shall do this: I shall not sit here by this till. You shall go upstairs or over to Bodenstein's, just as you please, only you shall go. And I shall take my beer and sit over in the closet there, so that it looks like there was no one keeping shop. Eh? And the place should look so empty-like that maybe this here thief will become so bold he comes out pretty soon and gets his fingers mussed. It should be so, hein?"

Birkenhauer, the baker, was lost in admiration at the acuteness of his friend Meyer, but he wasted no time in getting ready to wend his way to Bodenstein's. On his way out of the bakery, however, he met Mrs. Lena Kleinfeldt coming in. He stepped back, aghast. For Mrs. Kleinfeldt no longer wore her Mary Garden hat.

"I cannot, not till to-morrow, Sunday—Easter day, you see, Herr Birkenhauer. Just now I have run over in these here morning dresses of mine to get some bread and pie. What? Is there no one here but you? Is it that you leave your store alone? Yes?"

Herr Birkenhauer waited on the lady, and did not tell her that in the closet on the right, the door of which stood just the least bit ajar, the most wonderful detector of crime sat expectant, sipping a pitcher of beer. He merely took her money—the exact change it was—and tossed it into the till, and therefore found it quite unnecessary to soil his hands with the dye that was sprinkled so cleverly within. Together they passed out and crossed the street.

"Some thief might rob your money drawer," protested Mrs. Kleinfeldt warningly.

"Let him try," chuckled Birkenhauer, "just let him try."

Back in the bakery business was dead. It was not the time of day for customers. But Meyer was quite comfortable. He was more than comfortable. He was asleep.

And it was while he slept that something happened—something strange and mysterious.

The door leading down into the oven room slowly, stealthily opened, one inch, two inches—a foot. A woman stepped into the room. Her sleeves were rolled up over a plump pair of arms to the elbow. For one breathless moment she stood just within the door and stopped and looked and listened.

Then she stole softly to the money drawer and opened it.

"Just one dollar more. Just this here one dollar five," she murmured, "and then I'll show this here Kleinfeldt woman, with her misfit gowns, I will. Me such a slave, and him with his beer and such. One dollar five."

She closed the till softly and without its usual telltale click. Then suddenly she glanced at her fingers.

"Mein Gott!" she whispered to herself, "what—what is this here?"

It was three-quarters of an hour later. Birkenhauer was indulging in his eleventh beer when a shadow slunk into Bodenstein's and caught the baker by the arm.

"Hist," exclaimed the shadow; "it should be I—Meyer, the detective."

"What will you have, friend Meyer?" que-

ried Birkenhauer, who had forgotten the events of the morning for the instant.

"What should I have?" returned Meyer. "I tell you what should I have—I should have the thief."

"The thief?"

"Ah," said Meyer, "this here till tapper. I have trapped the thief. Listen, friend baker. For long, long while do I sit in this here little closet. Nothing happens. At last—what? Just this. I hear movings in this here baker shop of yours—movings as of some persons moving about on legs and such. I say nothing. I do nothing. I just hear the talkings of this here persons under this here person's breath like. And suddenly, while I watch, I see this here persons pass in front of my closet door. And what do you think? Not only do I see a persons, but I see a person's fingers. And such fingers. Blue—blue with indelibility forever. Such person is the thief."

"And where is this thief now?" demanded Birkenhauer.

"Come with me," said Meyer. Together they plunged across the street. Meyer entered the bakery, took from his pocket a key and inserted it in the lock of the closet door.

"Stand on your guard, friend Birkenhauer," he exclaimed.

Then he flung the door open wide.

"Come forth," he said.

A man stepped forth—Max Pflug, head baker.

"So it is you, after all," exclaimed Birkenhauer; "so we have you, double-lifer, at the last, friend Pflug. It is well. It is well."

"Well," retorted Pflug, "I should think it was well. Just look at that."

He held up for inspection two sets of fingers that were as blue as indigo. What do you think of that, Birkenhauer," he complained.

"So then," returned Birkenhauer, "you boast of it, eh?"

"Boast of it," retorted Pflug. "I tell you, I didn't know what I was getting into."

"I should think not," chuckled Meyer.

"What am I going to say to my girl when she sees that?" wailed Pflug, "and me going to church with her the first thing in the morning."

"You call her your girl," cried Birkenhauer; "you call my wife your girl."

"Your wife nothing," retorted Pflug; "my girl is my girl, that's all."

"Such boldness," exclaimed Birkenhauer; "come, you may tell everything to the judge. Come, friend Meyer, we shall take him to some criminal courts and right away."

"Take me anywhere you please," said Pflug, "only get me away from here. I'm no house painter, and I'm no cotton mills man. You understand."

Suddenly he tore himself from their grasp and darted to an inner door that opened on the open room stairs. "House painters," he yelled, "cotton hands! Yah, yah."

Then he was subdued. Meyer took him by one arm and Birkenhauer by the other and marched him down the street for all to see. Finally they drew up, panting, before the magistrate.

"Here we have a thief," said Birkenhauer, "a sneaking thief, your honor, Judge."

"What?" yelled Pflug; "haven't you got any more names for me? Judge, I want him arrested for spoiling the beauty of my hands. Just look at 'em. And me a baker, too. What'll my girl say, anyhow, to-morrow, Easter morning?"

The Court looked at his hands. "How'd you get it?" he inquired. Pflug nodded. "In his blamed old bakery," he exclaimed.

"Hah," cried Meyer, "so I think he should. Let me tell the nature of these charges to your honor."

He started in. The Court listened, nodded, smiled. He disregarded Pflug's exclamations, commanded him to be still and insisted that Meyer proceed to the end.

"Constable," he exclaimed, "I wish I had you on our force here. There isn't a plain-clothes duck around here who can get evidence like you. Let me shake hands with the Sherlock Holmes of the thirteenth district court."

The Court glanced at the struggling Pflug. "You'd better keep quiet, my man," he said; "the more you say the worse it will be for you. This total runs over twenty-five dollars, and it's a case of grand larceny; and it looks like they had the goods on you; grand larceny, you understand."

"Grand larceny nothing," cried Pflug; "it's a case of house painting, cotton mills, leather

tanning—I don't know what. All I know is, they got no right; look at them hands. An' me a member of the Bakers' Union, too. Grand larceny; come off."

The judge didn't come off. He didn't have time. For suddenly there poured into the court-room an angry mob composed of four men and one woman.

"Judge," cried one of the men, "you used to be a good union man, and look ahere. My great goodness, just look ahere."

Before the astonished gaze of the judge they held up their several hands. The fingers of each hand of each man were dyed a dye that was deeply, indelibly, beautifully blue.

"Great Scott," exclaimed the judge, turning to Meyer, "who are these men?"

"They should be my bakers, Judge," cried Birkenhauer.

"We should be bakers," sarcastically said one, "but we don't seem to be. It's just what Max says; it's more like dyeing in a cotton mill, or house painting, or something else. We ain't got no union card for anything but baking, and yet, see what she made us do—us bakers with such nice clean hands, at that."

"She?" queried the court, "and who is she?"

Mrs. Wilhelmina Birkenhauer stepped forward. "My wife," gasped Birkenhauer, "and what should all this mean?"

"It should mean simple things enough, Herr Birkenhauer," said his wife; "did I not tell you a week ago that it should be economical to use those eggs in that there barrel in the corner?"

"Not the custard pie eggs?" screamed Birkenhauer.

"Not the custard pie eggs, and not the fresh eggs, and not the strictly fresh eggs, and not the frozen eggs, and not the seven-week old eggs either. Not one of them. If you had not so much beer you would remember. I said last week, like this: 'It should be well and economical to use those eggs in the six months barrel for some good, nice, decent purpose, and I said, I have seen such eggs made into beautiful colors in store windows and such, and I said I should fix them up stylish like and put them in this here window and the children should buy them.' And you said yes, you are a good slave, go ahead and do things to earn good money on these eggs. And I did so, and here is troubles."

"It's all her fault, Judge," exclaimed the union men; "she said it was easy, and we must all turn in, and it was a clean job. And we did and now look here——"

"Wait," yelled Birkenhauer, "and," turning to his wife, "did you buy some dye for this?"

"I did not," she answered; "you bought it, friend husband."

"I bought it?" he asked, gulping.

"Sure," she answered, "you bought it and left it on the shelf in the store for me to use, and I used it. There—you see."

"And," went on the judge, "all these men got all this stuff on their hands under your orders, did they, Mrs. Birkenhauer?"

Mrs. Birkenhauer held up her hands sadly. "Not only they, but also I," she answered, "and how do I get it off—with to-morrow Easter Sunday? Hein?"

"Meyer," said the Court, "I guess I'll stick to my own detective force for a while yet, anyhow."

The next day Herr Birkenhauer glanced joyfully out of the window. "Such a pretty Mary Garden hat across the street," he said; "just look, Wilhelmina."

"Nothing—nothing at all," answered Wilhelmina, "just nothing but last year bargain sales, that's all. She is a scarecrow, that Lena Kleinfeldt, anyhow. A scarecrow, and some cats, too, at that. I'll show you something. Just you wait."

She retired to another room and locked the door, leaving her liege lord and master leaning out of the window watching Mrs. Kleinfeldt's graceful movements as she sauntered down the street. Suddenly he waved his hand, but not to her.

"Hello, Max Pflug," he cried as a couple passed the store. "I apologize. You ain't no thief. Meyer made some mistakes, you see."

Max Pflug and the party with him halted underneath the window. "I don't bear no malice, Mr. Birkenhauer," he returned; "my girl, she got all that color off. This here is my girl, Herr Boss. Maybe you noticed how spruce I dressed for some time past. Well, it is my girl that made me. And see what hats she buys, Herr Boss."

They passed on to church. Boss Birkenhauer still leaned far out the window, watching a certain Mary Garden hat. Suddenly he was drawn violently into the room.

"Still watching some scarecrows with your eyes, eh, Boss Birkenhauer," said a voice; "well, look here at me."

The boss for the first time in many years stood up straight almost with fright. He rubbed his eyes.

"What—what should this be?" he asked.

There was no answer; it was unnecessary that there should be. For before him stood a vision of loveliness, plump, sleek, rustling, stylish, that took his breath away.

"This ain't—not—my little frau?" he exclaimed.

"Not all of it, it ain't," she answered, "and this ain't got no Mary Garden last year's hat, at that. Some of this here is just your little frau, and the rest of it is just high-class, expensive Green Store buyings. What think you of this here Clermont Easter dress? And listen, Boss Birkenhauer, cats and scarecrows don't never wear half-moon-Easter hats like this. Not much they don't. Do they? Hein?"

Again Boss Birkenhauer rubbed his eyes. "How could you buy such beautiful and fanciful Easter wearing apparel as these here?" he queried. "My, but I have a stylish wife. How could you do it all?"

Mrs. Wilhelmina Birkenhauer coughed. "I did it all," she answered, "choost out of my estate."

"Meyer," said Birkenhauer a month later, "no more stealings have there been, not a bit of it. Maybe Wilhelmina was right. Maybe I drink too much beer. And, anyhow, there should be another reason. Who do you think takes charge now of the store, so that nobody should steal? My wife—my little Wilhelmina. She sits by that there cashbox in fancy kimono gown-dresses and all such, and she doesn't allow no stealings. Not a penny short, not any time. This should I have done at first."

"How about the oven room and such? Who takes care of them?" asked Meyer.

"I do," returned Birkenhauer, "and I'll tell you why. You know that there Max Pflug? Well, it is all right. He is married now, and maybe it's all right. But married men are so much worser than single ones. And besides, my little frau—she is so much better as to looks and style than this here wife of this here Pflug—well, it should be well that Pflug should be down there and my frau up here, where no eyes can be made together. What do you say? Right?"

"As it should be," assented Meyer, "only, you know, I'm worried on account of this here my reputation, Birkenhauer."

"As how?" asked the baker man.

"I didn't make so good. We never found that thief."

Birkenhauer winked his eye. "We never found her," he began. But Meyer stopped him.

"Her?" repeated Meyer.

"Ah," winked Birkenhauer once more, "we never found her, all right, all right. But whisper, friend Meyer. Not a word of this outside. Always, ever since, have I had my suspicions of Bodenstein's sister-in-law, Mrs. Lena Kleinfeldt. Ah, yes, I have. She is not only a scheming, home-breaking widows. She is not only Bodenstein's sister-in-law. She is also a Mary Garden and a cat."

# Postal Detectives

THE maintenance of a large force of trained detectives or "inspectors," as they are designated upon the rolls of the Post Office Department, has greatly purified this branch of the service. An infinite number of swindles are still planned, to be carried on through the agency of the mails.

Swindlers reach their intended victims by circulars and by advertisements in careless or characterless newspapers. The former method is preferred by sharpers as being the least likely to come under the notice of the official spies of the department. It is an easy matter to obtain full lists of any required number of names, running up into the millions. Lottery companies make a business of selling lists of the names of their patrons, and other swindling concerns which obtain original lists are addicted to the same practice.

Countrymen who reply to any one of the snap advertisements wonder how it is that hundreds of fascinating enterprises from one end of the country to the other obtain their addresses, and they feel, some way, that they must be persons of importance. Their vanity is flattered, and in innumerable instances they undergo a regular course of training before they acquire a sufficient fund of experience to enable them to realize that they are on the wrong side of the institution for the feeble-minded.

The art craze, which some years ago spread over the country like an epidemic, developed a swindle that was very hard for the department to reach, and which afforded a livelihood for a large number of enterprising and unscrupulous persons. The crooks taxed the great army of unsophisticated girls who imagined they had artistic tastes by showing them, through the medium of circulars, how they could put themselves in the way of earning comfortable incomes with the expenditure of a trifling sum for an outfit. They promised to take work that was produced, according to their "system," and required a small cash payment in advance from the favored victims. The department found this a most troublesome class of cases to deal with, the originators protecting themselves very completely, as a rule, against prosecution.

The Post Office Department spent months trying to break up the scheme of a man who contracted to send pianos and organs from his manufactories in Maine and California to any part of the country on payment of $2 or $3 or $4 to defray the cost of boxing the instruments. The articles were received according to contract, but they proved to be cheap toy pianos and organs, the expense of boxing which was about 10 per cent. of the sum remitted in each case. Another fellow made a lot of money by boxing and forwarding very cheap mouth-organs to all who patronized him.

The proprietor of a crooked but harmless cure for deafness reaped a harvest of $30 or $40 a day for a long time. His headquarters were in New York. The president of a bogus medical college did a prosperous business in selling spurious diplomas, but as the men who bit at his bait were confessedly as great swindlers as he was, the department was a long time getting at him. This was a swindle pure and simple.

An army of ruralists forwarded hard-earned dollars for a "mowing machine, knife-sharpener, simple, effective," and received, in return, sticks dipped in emory dust and pieces of iron. Another ingenious operator found a market for thousands of copies of a cheap edition of the Scriptures, by representing the book to be a collection of very tough stories.

The postal authorities have rid the mails of every swindler they detect; new ones crop up now and then, but invariably come to justice at the hands of Uncle Sam.

*From*

# THE UNKNOWN *to the* KNOWN

*by*

## Fred H. Hayn

PROFESSOR GILLESPIE DIKE leaned back in his chair and fixed his gray eyes upon his assistant. "The solution of a crime, my dear Bolton," he said, "is nothing more than solving a problem in mathematics. It is a case of reasoning from the unknown to the known."

"I'm afraid, professor," replied Bolton, smiling, "the average police officer would hardly agree with you."

"The average police officer is a fool!" retorted the professor. "Chance, laborious investigation, and the third degree are his stock in trade. The only reason he succeeds at all is because the average criminal is a bigger fool than he! A woman is found murdered in her apartment. The police ransack the place and find a bloody razor in the bathroom. Ha! The deadly weapon! Servants are interviewed—friends, relatives, in fact, all who had the remotest connection with the victim. They are cross-questioned, and if implicated in any way are arrested and put to the third degree."

"But, professor," protested Bolton, "isn't this necessary? How else shall one proceed? Surely you must ascertain the facts of the case."

"Precisely. The facts are necessary, but not all facts. Only those must be selected which can be arranged in an equation. They are the known quantities which are required for the solution of the problem. Because a bloody razor is found near the body of the murdered woman, does that prove sufficiently that she was killed with it?"

"Not at all, but it's a prima-facie case."

"Quite correct. I grant you that the ordinary methods of the police officer frequently succeed. But how often do they fail? Many a poor devil has been railroaded to the chair, to die there protesting his innocence, because some thick-necked detective had woven about him a network of circumstantial evidence. And later, when chance annihilated this seeming bulwark, another horrible miscarriage of justice had to be recorded!"

"But how would you proceed?"

"Precisely as in the solution of a problem in mathematics. I let X equal the unknown quantity. In the general case, X is the criminal. The known quantities are the crime, the motive, and the circumstances surrounding the crime, though these, as in the algebraic problem, are often the unknown quantities. Arrange these in an equation and solve for X!"

Bolton smiled. Pulling a paper from his pocket, he spread it in front of the professor.

"How would you solve the Clayton affair?" he asked.

The professor adjusted his glasses. Benjamin Clayton, the millionaire, had been murdered. His body, the face mutilated beyond recognition, evidently by some blunt instrument, had been found floating in the river. Henry Boylston, reported engaged to Avis Clayton, only daughter of the millionaire, had been apprehended as he came out of the Clayton mansion in a dazed condition. When accused of the crime, he had told a rambling story of having been drugged, protesting his innocence. But under the third degree he had confessed.

"Rather simple affair, I should say," said Bolton after Dike had put down the paper.

"You think so? I find it quite complex. There are several unknown quantities. Granting that Boylston is the guilty party, so far as I can see the evidence is insufficient to convict. His confession doesn't amount to that!" snapping his fingers. "It was obtained under duress. No reputable court would admit it for one moment. He may have had a motive in confessing. Suppose for some reason he desired to shield his fiancée? Again, why should he want to kill the man? And, indeed, has any one been killed? Who identified the body?"

"The murdered man's brother."

"H'm! Suppose he, too, had a motive in doing so."

Bolton laughed. "Hardly. John Clayton is rich, well-educated, well-bred, and popular. I happen to know him well. He has hosts of friends all over the city. He and his brother have been inseparable; they have lived in the same house for years. While at college he saved his brother's life at the risk of his own by pulling him out of a frozen lake. Oh, professor, your algebra will not avail this time!"

Professor Dike smiled. "You defend your friend warmly. But I haven't solved the problem yet. I don't know that I shall. Why should I? It may be as you say. But I doubt it. This niece of his, is she pretty?"

"Exceedingly. Her eyes are as the stars above. She has a complexion like milk and honey. Her hair is burnished gold!"

"Why, Bolton," smiled the professor, "you astonish me! One would almost imagine you were in love with her yourself."

Bolton colored. "As to that——" He was interrupted by a rap on the door.

In response to the professor's call the maid entered with a card bearing the name of John Clayton and a note requesting an interview, written in a hand beyond the ordinary. The professor's high forehead wrinkled. The friend is quite a penman, I perceive. I wonder why he comes to me."

"I believe I'm responsible, professor," smiled Bolton. "I had mentioned your ability in solving crimes. Doubtless he has come for advice. I'm sorry if I've——"

"Not at all, Bolton. Show the gentleman in," to the maid.

A tall, well-built man, accompanied by a remarkably pretty girl, entered the room. The man was fashionably dressed and carried a silk hat and cane. His raven-black hair was smoothly brushed and his side whiskers carefully trimmed. He gave one the impression that he might be the ambassador to the court of St. James. His keen eyes sparkled, and there was a benign expression on his face as with outstretched hand he approached the professor.

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Professor Dike," nodding genially to Bolton. "I have made bold to impose on your good nature to ask your advice in a painful matter. This is my niece, Miss Clayton. I had hoped to spare her this ordeal, but she insisted on coming."

"Pray be seated," said the professor. "Now, why did you come to me? Wouldn't the police——"

"Oh, I've been to the police, or rather they've been to see me!" his eyes twinkling. "But Mr. Bolton here told me how you had solved several crimes given up by the police, especially your clever work on the Clementine case."

"A simple equation with one unknown quantity," smiled the professor.

"I beg your pardon?"

The professor laughed. "I see Bolton has not enlightened you as to any methods. Doubtless he feared to prejudice you against me. But state your case."

"You have read the papers, of course?" began Clayton benignly.

Dike nodded, his piercing eyes noting every detail of the cultured man. His gaze seemed to linger on a piece of sticking-plaster on the man's thumb.

"Then you know our position. Miss Clayton's fiancé stands in the shadow of the chair; we want you to save him."

"Do you consider him guilty?"

Mr. Clayton coughed. He glanced uneasily at his niece. "I—well, frankly——"

"But he isn't!" broke in Miss Clayton indignantly. "Henry never could have done such a fiendish thing!" And she burst into tears.

"There, there, Avis," soothed Mr. Clayton. "Calm yourself. You know I tried to spare you this interview. But the professor will get at the truth, I'm sure."

"Pray control yourself, Miss Clayton," said the professor. "Tell me, what was your father's attitude toward your fiancé?"

"My father hated him. He was so unreasonable. They had had a dreadful quarrel once before. But I'm sure Henry is innocent."

"But he confessed——"

"They forced him to do it! He never would have——"

"Quite so," evidently to prevent another outburst. "Now, why did your father dislike him?"

"I'll tell you," interposed Mr. Clayton. "Benjamin ruined Boylston's father in return for trying to ruin him. The old man died the same day. For this reason marriage with the son was repugnant to my brother."

"How did your brother ruin him?" asked the professor.

"By manipulating Miami Copper."

"Were you interested in it?"

"Oh, dear me, no!" hastily denied Mr. Clayton.

Dike rubbed his hands. "Now we have our first equation."

"Eh?" Mr. Clayton looked puzzled.

"I mean we're progressing. There are a few more points; but we'll get to them presently. I suppose we may visit the scene of the crime?"

"Assuredly. Nothing has been disturbed."

"Then let's go."

A short time later they entered the library of the Clayton home, an old-fashioned mansion, built in colonial times. This was a large room, paneled in mahogany. In the centre was a long, polished table, on which lay several magazines, a brass ink stand, blotter and pens. One of the magazines was open, face downward. Evidently the murdered man had been reading previous to the crime. Chairs had been overturned, and the oriental rug was rumpled and stained with several dark spots. Conspicuous on the wall hung a large portrait, doubtless of one of the family ancestors. To the left of this picture stood an open fireplace.

The professor walked to the table and glanced hastily about the room. It was clear that not a single detail escaped him. When his gaze reached the picture he stood rigid. His eyes sparkled as they rested momentarily on the fireplace, in which a mass of papers had been burned. Bolton started to speak, but the professor checked him with an impatient gesture. He appeared to be listening.

"Ah, Mr. Clayton," the professor finally said, "would you be so kind as to get me your walking-stick which you left out in the hall?"

Mr. Clayton stared. "Why, certainly," he said.

The moment he was gone the professor seized Miss Clayton in his arms, holding her tight. "Quick, Bolton, a glass of water!"

Startled, Bolton ran from the room.

"Forgive me, Miss Clayton," Dike apologized, "but I wanted to be alone with you. I must ask you to continue the deception for the present. You'll oblige me?"

The girl nodded and stood spellbound as the professor darted about the room. First he picked up the open magazine, from which he tore a leaf bearing a bloody thumb print; next he picked up the pens, examining them carefully, and finally selecting one, which he put in his pocket. Then he hastened to the fireplace, from which he removed several bits of burned paper. A hasty glance and he thrust them into his pocket. "Chance! Chance!" he murmured. "How could such a master mind overlook that!" At the picture he paused, listening intently. "H'm!" he grunted, feeling about the paneling.

A noise out in the hall, and the professor

turned sharply to the girl. "You feel better now?" he asked as Clayton entered with the cane.

"Very much, professor; thank you," the girl replied.

"We shall not need the water, Bolton," said Dike as his assistant entered with a glassful. "But no! you'd better take a drink anyway. Now, dear, get some good strong hot tea. Thank you," taking the cane from Clayton. He looked it over. It was a slender stick, with an engraved silver handle.

Clayton smiled benignly. "The weapon the murderer used, professor," he drawled, "is in the hands of the police. It was the brass shovel belonging to that fireplace set."

"Eh? Oh, yes, of course," handing back the cane. "But you mistake my meaning. I'm merely satisfying my curiosity. Bolton told me you once saved your brother's life. This cane was given in remembrance, I suppose?"

"The engraving on the handle indicates that," smiled Clayton. "But proceed with your investigation. I have an engagement——"

"It's been made, Mr. Clayton."

"What!"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then you've solved the mystery already! Pray tell us——"

"I wouldn't go as far as that. But let us take a look at the murdered man."

Clayton led the way to the drawing-room. Dike gave only a perfunctory glance at the body. "May I?" he asked, removing the dead man's collar, without waiting for reply. "That's all," he said. He took his leave, shaking hands with Clayton and his niece.

Outside, Dike turned to Bolton. "Have you a fountain pen, Bolton?"

Bolton handed it over. He stared as the professor, deliberately spilled some ink into the cap and replaced it. Then he put the pen into his pocket. "Now, we'll take a look at the prisoner," he said.

They spent only a few moments at the jail. The prisoner was a good-looking young man with an innocent face. That he could have committed such an atrocious crime, unless done in a moment of passion, was unbelievable. The professor questioned him without success. "But, my dear Boylston," the professor protested, "we're here to help you."

Boylston looked at him sullenly without replying.

Dike took out the fountain pen, removed the cap and held it out to the prisoner. "Won't you give me your signature so I can defend you?" he asked, handing him a paper.

Mechanically the young man signed the paper without looking at it. The professor smiled as he observed the well-defined thumbprint on the paper. Without a word he left with his assistant.

On the way home Bolton tried to question the professor. "Not a word, Bolton," the professor refused. "Not a word!"

Arriving home, the professor took a bundle of examination papers from his desk and handed them to his assistant. "Amuse yourself with these while I solve my equations, Bolton. I'll be out shortly." Then he locked himself in his study.

Under a powerful magnifying-glass Dike examined the thumb-print on the collar and compared it with that made by the prisoner. They were identical! This was also true of the print on the magazine. Muttering to himself, the professor paced the floor. Suddenly he pulled out the bits of paper he had removed from the fireplace and examined them under the microscope. "Ah!" he cried, rubbing his hands.

Taking out the pen he had removed from the library table, he scraped the point with his penknife; a reddish powder lay on the white paper. This, too, he held under the glass. "One more known quantity!" he chuckled. Again he paced the floor. He stared in amazement at a small pasteboard box lying on the floor near where Bolton had sat. Picking it up, he found it contained several sleeping powders. He unlocked the door. "Bolton!" he called.

"Yes, sir," replied Bolton, coming out of the parlor.

"I should be slow to use these, Bolton," Dike reproved, handing him the box.

Bolton colored. "I've been sleeping badly of late, professor. I've lain awake for hours, thinking of that horrible murder. But I promise you——"

"And you a medical student! For shame,

Bolton! But don't do it again. It's bad practise. Call up Mr. Clayton and his niece. Ask them to come here at once. Tell them it's urgent."

Bolton complied. "They'll be right up," he informed, hanging up the receiver.

The professor put on his hat.

"But, but——" stammered Bolton.

"I'm afraid we'll have to disappoint them, Bolton," the professor chuckled. He rang for the maid. "Ah, Marie," when she came in. "Tell Mr. Clayton when he calls that we couldn't wait. Tell him to come at once to the Clayton mansion. "Come, Bolton."

"Don't you think I'd better wait for them?" Bolton asked.

"By no means. I need your help."

Taking a roundabout way, they were admitted to the Clayton home by a servant. In the library Dike went straight to the picture. "These silly secret doors are all alike, Bolton," he said, pressing on a cleverly hidden button in the moulding. The large frame of the picture swung noiselessly outward, disclosing a narrow stairway.

Pulling out a revolver and an electric torch, Dike motioned his assistant to precede him. A groan from below startled Bolton. Much agitated, he drew back.

"Nothing to fear, Bolton," smiled the professor. "I'll take care of you with this," pointing the pistol directly at him.

"My God!" cried Bolton as another loud groan came from below.

"Go on!" sternly ordered the professor.

At the foot of the stairway there was a door, locked on the outside by a bolt. Dike ordered his companion to open the door.

Bolton wiped his forehead with his sleeve and complied. In the small room, lighted by the torch, they saw a bed. A faint light came from above, evidently from a shaft leading to the roof. On a chair beside the bed was a tray, on which lay the remnants of a meal. And on the bed, fully dressed, was Benjamin Clayton! He sprang up instantly, his eyes blinking in the brilliant light of the torch.

"Thank God!" Clayton cried fervently. "But who are you?"

"I'm Professor Dike," he explained. "This is my assistant, Mr. Bolton. Your brother——"

"The damned scoundrel!" He drugged me and dragged me into this hole. He lost all his money when Miami Copper went to the bottom. He told me Boylston was accused of my murder and that he was going to inherit my money, as I had cut off my daughter if she married Boylston."

"Yes, yes, Mr. Clayton," said the professor. "So much I know. Your daughter——"

"Has been married to Boylston for over a year. That was just the point. I was going to change my will after the young scamp had told me. But my dear brother overheard the conversation and then drugged me."

The professor grunted. "Let's go upstairs," he said. "Unless I'm greatly in error your precious brother is about to enter the library."

They passed though the secret door just as John Clayton and his niece came in. John's face turned white, and had it not been for the table he would have fallen.

The professor checked with a gesture the angry words about to come from Benjamin Clayton. "Pray be seated, all of you," he ordered. "Time enough for adjusting matters when I'm done. Now let me see if my solution is correct. That John Clayton was the guilty party, whatever the crime was, I knew the moment he entered my study. X represented the motive. I solved for X when I found the bits of burned papers in the fireplace. Miami Copper quotations, bits of correspondence, and returned vouchers made X a known quantity. I solved that equation by inspection. Pardon the pun; it was unintentional.

"The reason for bringing me into the affair was somewhat difficult. But when I found the bloody thumb-prints on the collar and on the magazine page, which had escaped the blundering police, I had solved another equation. Evidently I was to furnish the evidence needed to convict. And, unfortunately, I should have done so had I not found another known quantity in the fireplace. John Clayton is quite a penman; therefore I at once looked for evidence of his skill. I found it in the pen imitations of young Boylston's thumb-prints I took from the fireplace! The pen used still contained dried blood taken from Mr. Clayton's thumb. I was looking for something of this sort after I had observed the

sticking-plaster on his thumb. But that he should have attempted such a thing was unbelievable. Such devilish ingenuity is likely to revolutionize all future police records!

"There still remains one more unknown quantity. Clever as John Clayton is he needed help. But who was the man? None other than my precious assistant here! His warm defence of Clayton, coupled with his love for Miss Clayton, gave me enough known quantities to solve that equation. But even he was tricked by the wily criminal, for the secret of the marriage evidently was kept from him. The sleeping powders were all that were needed definitely to connect him with the crime. That another body had been substituted for the living man was clear at the outset. It was the crudest bit of work I ever saw. That it should have escaped the police is not surprising, since brother John identified the body. Being a medical student, Bolton had no difficulty in supplying the body. But their impudence in trying to hoodwink me is amazing. The secret door, of course, was quite simple. My hearing is very acute. I distinctly heard Mr. Clayton, although I'm sure few would have done so. And now that the problem has been solved I leave the criminals to be disposed of as Mr. Clayton sees fit. My interest in the case has ceased."

---

## CURIOUS INDIAN TRIBE

THE TODA is one of the names given to the inhabitants of the Nilgiri (or Blue) Mountains in the south of India, and a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* tells us a good deal about the hills and the men.

"The Todas," he says, "are decidedly the least uninteresting of the three races peculiar to the plateau. The Occidental will ever be delving into the recondite. And the Toda puzzles and interests the Occidental because the Toda's origin is undiscoverable. All that is known is that he has not always belonged here. He interests me because he is a man living among game, suffering in property from game, yet taking no interest in game.

"So far as I know, he possesses no instinct for the chase. He is neither shikari nor poacher, and he owns and desires to own no weapon but a grazier's staff. He is a hairy, handsome fellow, profoundly impressed with his own superiority over all other men, and possessing the sublime dignity of complete inertia. He is not in the least concerned as to who he is or from what stock descended, but only with his wild-eyed buffaloes and their produce. He is a grazier, pure and simple, and in any picture of the Nilgiris a Toda is sure to be represented as standing in the foreground, staff in hand, and sedulously watching his herds.

"For his dwelling, which is like the tilt of a wagon set on the ground, possessing one tiny door and no other orifice whatever, the Toda chooses the most delightful sites. Some little green plot of turf is what he likes, in a glade, a stream running past his door, with the rolling grazing lands all around and a view to distant peaks. These are just the places I like to pitch my tent in, and there are not too many of them, but a Toda is usually there first. A swarm of merry children are always playing in the sun; and Mrs. Toda may be seen curling her well-buttered locks around a stick which she keeps for the purpose.

"The gazeteer continues without a pause in its stately cadences: 'On rising in the morning the men salute the sun with a quaint gesture, putting the thumb to the nose in a manner similar to the English boy's token of derision.' After seeing him through the routine of the day, the gazeteer, without a smile, puts the Toda to bed, and we learn that his penultimate act before dowsing his lamp is again to make a long nose at it. Writers of gazeteers are not allowed any sort of levity in their labors, but I think the author of this one must have had a smile concealed up his sleeve.

"I have not myself, owing to the language bar, much personal acquaintance with the Toda. To me he is a pleasing portion of the Nilgiri landscape, and so are his buffaloes. But, while admiring the man, it is best to keep a corner of one eye on the beast, who hates strangers, and is not slow in attacking them."

# The WOMAN IN BLACK

by

## Jack J. Gottlieb

### CHAPTER ONE

FROM somewhere along the hallway outside the study there came the sound of soft, almost apologetic steps. District Attorney Lakewood, pencil in hand, looked up as a weak-lined, pudgy face appeared in the doorway.

"You rang for me, sir?" inquired Thomas, the butler.

Daniel Lakewood glanced at his watch.

"Yes, Thomas. I thought I'd tell you you needn't wait up; if you want to go to sleep you can do so. I'm going to stay in to-night. If there are any visitors I'll open the door myself."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir," quavered the voice of the servant as he withdrew.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed when Thomas, who was cleaning the kitchen table after having digested some of the contents of the refrigerator, heard the front doorbell ring. The sharp, incisive "b-rrr," accentuated by the stillness that seeped through the big house, was loud and vehement, and the butler, impelled by the daily grind of routine rather than the recent instructions of Lakewood, hastened to open the door.

A woman in black stood on the threshold—a tall, heavily-veiled woman, features indiscernible, whose dark garb seemed to evince the conviction that she was in mourning. The always quavering Thomas, who was short and sparse of stature, looked up at the veiled face and nervously inquired what was wanted.

"Is Mr. Daniel Lakewood home?" asked the somewhat stentorian voice of the visitor.

Before the servant could reply the district attorney, who had risen at sound of the bell, called out from within:

"Who's there, Thomas?"

The woman in black extracted a card, and writing something on the back of it, handed it to Thomas. The servant carried it to Lakewood. As the latter read it a frown ruffled his brow.

"Have the lady come in," he directed.

The woman in black entered the study, and as Thomas passed the door he heard the key grate in the lock.

It must have been an hour later when a jingling, seemingly far-off noise roused Thomas from sleep. The aged butler, who occupied a small rear room on the third floor, sat bolt upright and strained his ears. The brisk yet almost petulant sound had seemed to come from somewheres downstairs, and it sounded like—ah, yes, it was the front doorbell!

The servant's brain, hazy with sleep, now suddenly cleared, and he made a motion as if to throw off the blankets. The doorbell! But even as he rose from bed he found himself

hesitating. Was he absolutely certain it was the doorbell he had heard? True, the noise had been a ringing one, but there are other things beside a doorbell that can cause such a sound.

He began to laugh off his fears—but he was aware that the laugh was strained, unnatural, that it carried with it a tinge of dread. It was funny, his feeling this way!

He listened again. A surge of relief swept over him as a sound, this time undoubtedly emanating from the doorbell, shattered the returning stillness. Yes, it was as he had hoped; and not as he had feared. For a moment he had really believed the sound to be a—a pistol shot!

Hastily putting on bathrobe and slippers, he pattered down the staircase. As he opened the front door the remaining uneasiness ebbed from him like an outgoing tide. For the pleasantly ruddy, always smiling, hearty-looking face of Michael Salisbury, Daniel Lakewood's best friend, outlined itself against the dark background of the night.

"What's the matter with you, Thomas, old chap? Can't you——" Michael Salisbury paused suddenly as he realized that the servant had been roused from bed. "Oh, I see! Taking Ben Franklin's advice, eh? But where's Lakewood? Has he gone out?"

"No, Mr. Lakewood's here," said the servant. He watched Salisbury as the other shed his topcoat, then suddenly continued: "I say, Mr. Salisbury, it's strange!"

"What's strange?"

"I mean, that Mr. Lakewood didn't open the door for you. You must have been ringing for quite a while, since I was asleep and am not a very light sleeper. Oh, I forgot! Mr. Lakewood has a visitor."

"A visitor?"

"Yes, sir. A lady in black. They are in the study. At least they were there before I went to bed."

"H-mm," murmured Salisbury. "I guess I'll wait in the living-room, then. By the way, Thomas, if I'm not too inquisitive, who's the lady?"

Thomas shook his head.

"Don't know, sir. She was heavily veiled, and I couldn't recognize her features. I don't think I'd know who she is, anyway. She seemed to be in mourning."

Salisbury pondered, stroking his chin in perplexity. "Come to think of it, Thomas, it certainly is strange why Dan didn't come to open the door, after I had rung so many times. Perhaps he's gone out with the lady. I didn't hear any one speaking when I passed the door—did you?"

"No," said Thomas. "I'll see if he's gone out, sir." He moved off into the hallway, to be gone for about three minutes. When he returned Salisbury saw that there was a harassed expression on his white face.

"There's something wrong, Mr. Salisbury." Thomas's voice was hoarse with suppressed feeling. "The door of the study is locked; and though I knocked several times no one answered."

Salisbury glanced at the old butler sharply. "How can that be? But perhaps they've gone out."

"And locked the door? Mr. Lakewood never does that," said the servant, shudderingly.

"But he may have."

There had come a plaintive light in the butler's weary eyes.

"I—I don't think so, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because, sir, there's a funny, pungent odor near the door—and it—it smells very much like——" The feeble old man suddenly began to whimper. "Oh, Mr. Salisbury, I'm afraid——"

Michael Salisbury waited to hear no more, but was through the door into the hallway like a shot. Thomas did not follow—he waited near the door, dread and the horror of anticipation struggling in his mind. Presently Salisbury returned. He walked uncertainly; the bland expression had fled his face. In its stead was a grisly, inconceivable stare.

"You're right, Thomas," he said quickly. "That smoke may mean anything; I think it comes from a pistol. You heard no shot?"

"No, no," Thomas half whined. "Good Lord, Mr. Salisbury, what is to be done now?"

"We've got to get into that room, somehow. The door can't be broken open; it's too stout. Is there any other way——"

"There is, sir," Thomas cried. "There's an

extra ring of keys upstairs, for all the rooms in the house. Mr. Lakewood kept them for emergency, in case any of the keys in use got lost."

"Get them!" Salisbury directed tersely.

In a surprisingly short time Thomas reappeared with the keys. And but a minute elapsed before the right key was found, fitted, and the door thrust open.

---

## CHAPTER TWO

DOCTOR HARRISON'S hand gradually released the immobile arm. As he straightened up he slowly shook his head. He regarded the still form of District Attorney Daniel Lakewood with quiet intent.

"Mr. Lakewood is dead," he affirmed solemnly.

Michael Salisbury, though he had expected the worst, could not suppress an exclamation. For a moment he closed his eyes tightly, as if to ward off the blow of the physician's announcement. The old butler, leaning against the wall for support, was shaking spasmodically, and at Doctor Harrison's words his sobs broke out anew.

"There's nothing to do now but call the police," said the doctor quietly.

Salisbury nodded, moved over to the telephone, and called headquarters. To the chief he explained matters tersely, then hung up. Doctor Harrison placed the stethoscope that he had used to sound Lakewood's heart in his valise.

"Since the police are coming, I'd better wait here and make a report to them," he said. "Too bad, this killing of one of the best prosecutors we ever had."

Salisbury acquiesced, moving over to the dead figure. In reply to the doctor's interrogation, he told that which Thomas had told him concerning the visit of the woman in black. He had barely finished speaking when the police arrived.

"What's the matter?" asked Chief of Police Haentze briskly, even before he had stepped into the chamber of death. There was an inspector with him, and the faces of both men were anxious. "Is it true—what you said over the phone?" he asked of Salisbury, whom he had recognized.

For answer Salisbury, his face grave, glanced down at the inflexible form that lay stretched on the floor. The chief uttered a grunt as he caught sight of the body, bending down immediately.

"He's dead," said the doctor stoically.

The chief looked up sharply at the speaker. The valise in the doctor's hand signified his profession, and the chief of police realized that the man spoke with authority. For a long time he looked ruefully at the face of the dead man, then glanced about him.

"No pistol around, huh? Well, then, it's murder all right! If ever I find the bird who did this job I'll send him to the chair if it's the last thng I do on God's green earth. Lord! Where in blazes are we going to get another district attorney like Dan Lakewood? To think—— Hello, what's this?"

The chief stooped quickly, and picked up a black kid glove, long and expensive-looking, from where it lay on the floor near the body of the dead man. He fingered this for quite a time, turning it inside and out. "Does any one here know who this belongs to?" he inquired.

Old Thomas ventured feebly:

"It must've belonged to the—the lady in black."

"The lady in black? Who's she?"

Through painful effort on the butler's part, and intermittent questioning on the part of the chief, the latter at length became acquainted with the story of the visit of the woman in black. As the butler slumped into a chair the chief said:

"So that's it, is it? Then this woman, whoever she is, is undoubtedly the guilty party. It looks like premeditation on her part, too, else why should she veil herself so that her face is unrecognizable?" The chief looked about him, and his glance rested on a tall French window to the side of the study. "Let's see, now—that window there—she must have fled that way. And this glove—it ought to make an interesting piece of evidence. If we can find out the shop it came from, which oughtn't to be such a difficult task, then——" The chief directed his look to the inspector. "Howells, get Coroner Bland on the phone.

Have him come over here soon as possible—tell him I say so."

The following day, towards evening, Michael Salisbury entered headquarters. Though the death of his best friend had dampened some of his natural joviality, still a not-to-be-dispelled show of humor lurked about his eyes. It caused Chief of Police Haentze to smile a greeting.

"Hello, Salisbury. How are things?"

"Oh, so-so," said Salisbury. "How is it by you?" laughingly. Instantly he sobered. "Well, chief, anything new turn up? About the murder, I mean."

Chief Haentze stroked his chin.

"To tell the truth, Salisbury, nothing as yet. In fact, the only flimsy clue we did have has shown up blooey. The glove, that is. It's a plain department-store glove, such as is sold by the hundreds every day, and there's no way whatever of tracing its ownership. And we had a finger-print expert down there this morning, but nary a finger-print. The damned thing was planned beforehand, take my word on it."

"When's the inquest coming off?"

"Early to-morrow. The coroner'll want you around, of course. And listen, Salisbury"—the chief leaned forward earnestly—"it's plain that the motive of the murder wasn't robbery. It was committed for revenge, or hatred, or something of the sort, and therefore it's safe to assume the guilty person was an acquaintance of Lakewood's. Now, I understand you and Dan were very intimate—a good many of his acquaintances must be your acquaintances also. Suppose, then, you were to do a little 'detectiving' of your own? In a case like this, you know, your services would mean more than those of the entire force put together."

"You mean," said Salisbury, "you want me to become a police detective in fact, though not in name?"

"Exactly! Why not? I'll see you're paid well for your time, and if you catch the murderer—or murderess, I should say—I'll try to dig up a reward for you, though there's none offered."

Salisbury arose.

"Finding Dan Lakewood's killer will be reward enough for me," he said grimly. "All right, chief, I'll take you on. By the way, how about that card the woman in black handed to the butler when she rang the bell? It wasn't found, was it?"

"No. More proof that the crime was premeditated. The murderess must have run off with it."

When Salisbury left, soon after, he turned in the direction of his club. He decided that he would eat his meal there, then sit down at a desk and put down in writing all the names of Lakewood's acquaintances whom he himself knew. He would then begin his detective work by interviewing as many of those persons as possible. Some of them might even be in the club at the time. Nor would he limit these talks to women alone.

Salisbury was a good judge of human nature, and he believed that once he spoke of the murder to the guilty party, he would sooner or later detect that guilt, if only by a gesture, a word, a blush.

He had scarcely encountered the warm effulgence of the club's interior than a voice accosted him. He turned to see a casual acquaintance of his, a young fellow of twenty-five or so, whose name he had forgotten, coming towards him.

"Hello, Salisbury! How are you?"

"Fair and colder, like the weather," said Salisbury. "Dan Lakewood's death has dampened my spirits. You knew Dan, didn't you?"

"Only passingly," the other said. "I read about his murder in the papers this morning, and I sure was shocked. Shame to lose one of the best servants the people of this city ever had. The papers mentioned your name a good deal, and—well, you ought to know something of the case that the papers haven't mentioned. I'm interested, Salisbury."

Instantly Salisbury realized that the young man before him was but the first of a coterie of news-hunters that would come flocking to him for details of Lakewood's death. And just as quickly did he reach a decision: he would use this state of affairs to advantage by evading importune questions, answering insignificant ones, and in turn clandestinely filching as much information that might in any way have to do with the murder as possible. For he realized there might have been something in Lakewood's career that he, Salisbury, was

unaware of—something which a person less acquainted with Lakewood might know.

So he now answered evasively:

"Oh, I don't know anything much. The inquest is coming off to-morrow, and what little is known will be revealed there. To tell the truth, though, the papers have got as much of the story as there is."

"But what's your opinion of it?"

"As yet I haven't formed any, other than that the killing is a damned outrage and that the guilty person deserves the most stringent penalty. If you mean who it is I think guilty, I haven't the slightest idea."

"The papers seem to feature this 'woman in black' a great deal. Do you think she's the one who did the killing?"

A smirk appeared on Salisbury's face.

"I said I haven't formed any opinion, if you'll recall."

The other grimaced. "Oh, yes you have! You think the woman guilty, like every one else does. But take these facts into consideration: The only story that the police can rely on, the only story that they *have*, is that told by the butler. He states that it was eight o'clock when this woman called, eight-fifteen when he went to sleep—he always goes to sleep very early, he says—and nine-ten when you called. That leaves fifty-five minutes that the butler knows nothing about; and during this time what might not have happened?"

---

## CHAPTER THREE

SALISBURY was interested.

"I've thought of that," he said. "What's your idea?"

"My opinion is that there's too much taking it for granted that the woman's guilty. If you give it a thought, you'll find that the circumstantial evidence even is rather flimsy. For example, who knows that something like this didn't happen:

"Some one other than the woman intended killing the district attorney. There are many culprits whom he has convicted, and they might have been prejudiced against him. Well, this would-be murderer sees the woman enter the house and waits until she leaves. He then breaks in, kills Lakewood, locks the door from within, and escapes."

"But, then," Salisbury asked, "how do you account for the glove?"

"Easily enough. The very fact that the glove was left behind is evidence of the woman's innocence. Do you think for one moment that if she had come to kill Lakewood she would have been careful enough to avoid making finger-prints, and then committed the enormous blunder of leaving a glove behind? No, she must have dropped it; and the murderer left it there to implicate her. As for the card, he took that away, because—well, for all we know that card might have proven the woman's innocence."

"Your theory is very plausible but for one, no, for two, things," said Salisbury. "If the woman is innocent, why doesn't she come forward and give herself up? Then, why was her veil so thick as to make her face undistinguishable? Such veils are by no means common."

The young man thought a while.

"The woman may have had business with the district attorney that she does not want made public," he finally said. "Let us say, for instance, that some one wanted to blackmail her and she wished to communicate with the district attorney. To hide her identity she used the veil. If she were to come forward with the truth now, they would want to know the nature of her business with Lakewood. So she feels it will be safer to remain in the background."

"You speak with conviction," said Salisbury. "Somehow I can't help feeling you know more about this 'woman in black' than you say."

It was a chance shot, and it hit nothing. The young man laughed.

"You're wrong, Salisbury. It's nothing more than pure theory. You see, I've got the old Saxon notion that a person is innocent unless proven guilty, and I constructed that theory merely to satisfy myself. It holds water, eh?"

Salisbury pondered.

"Your way of looking at this thing has influenced me," he admitted at length. "Perhaps, after all, the woman isn't guilty. But this I'm almost certain of: The woman in black, con-

trary to your theory, had something to do with Lakewood's death."

"Perhaps," the other acceded. "Still, if the police needed any advice I'd tell them this: Don't be too sure of the woman's guilt. *'Cherchez la femme'* may be a good maxim to follow out in some instances, but the one for this case is *'Cherchez l'homme.'* "

He smiled an adieu, nodded, then turned away. Salisbury's frankly admiring gaze followed him to the door, then he began to meditate deeply. He could not help admitting to himself that within the last ten minutes the entire fabric of his convictions concerning the case had been smashed, rent asunder—and all by the words of a man younger than he. Hitherto he had taken it for granted that the woman in black was guilty—and he had believed his task consisted solely of finding her. Now he realized that, even were she found, the undertaking would not yet be completed.

As though to brook the weight of his heavier responsibilities he shrugged his shoulders, swerving about towards the interior of the club. It was then he became aware that the desk clerk was beckoning to him. Salisbury strode over to the desk.

"There's a man calling himself Thomas waiting for you in the lounging room, Mr. Salisbury," said the clerk.

Salisbury, brows raised in mild surprise, thanked him and turned in the direction of the lounging room. What could Lakewood's old butler want of him now? he wondered.

Thomas was seated near the door, and at sight of Salisbury he arose quickly. An odd light glimmered in his eyes; his hands shook; he seemed older than usual. It was evident that the death of his master had stamped an all-too-woful impress upon him.

As he and Salisbury seated themselves he bent forward eagerly. His breath was hot on the other's cheek. His voice was a tense, tremulous whisper:

"Mr. Salisbury, I—I think—I have an idea—who it was that killed poor Mr. Lakewood."

Though Salisbury managed to master a flood of surprise and eagerness, a note of incredulity came into his voice:

"Yes? Tell me about it, Thomas."

But Thomas pondered a minute, staring off into space unseeingly.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Salisbury," he declared at length. "Perhaps I shouldn't be so decisive in my suspicions. For *I* have no proof of it whatever; it's only what you might call a—a singular coincidence.

"As you know, Mr. Lakewood recently had taken to writing fiction. He only did it as a fad, I believe; he did not allow it to interfere with his public work in any way. I think it was about four months ago that he started writing stories; he told me then that a brilliant story plot had occurred to him, and his fingers fairly itched to put it in writing. Since then he has written several stories and sold some of them.

"A week ago he confided to me that he had just finished a tale of unusual merit; a story that concerned a well-planned murder, the perpetrator of which committed the crime so cleverly that he remained unapprehended. The name of the story was 'The Perfect Crime.' Mr. Lakewood asked me if I would like to read it, and I answered nothing would please me better. He gave me the manuscript. Briefly told, the story was this:

"A man, whom I shall call Smith, has reason to kill another man. Smith realizes that, since the law seeks out its suspects singly, he will have time to cover his tracks if suspicion comes to rest on some one else. He therefore selects a man whom he hates to be this suspect—let us call him Jones. Smith waits for a time when Jones can furnish no alibi as to his whereabouts at that time, disguises himself as Jones, and enters the house of the man he intends killing and commits the deed. His plans are so laid that some one sees him enter the house—some one who is fooled by the disguise and who later testifies that it was Jones. The result is Jones, who can prove no alibi, pays the penalty.

"It was rather a morbid story, and as I can't say I like that sort of thing very well, I gave the manuscript back to Mr. Lakewood and soon forgot all about it.

"The day before yesterday some one called Mr. Lakewood on the telephone. I happened to be in the living-room at the time, but as I am not in the habit of eavesdropping I did not listen to Mr. Lakewood's part of the conversation. When he hung up I noticed, however, that there was a frown on his face, as though

he were thinking deeply. But presently he laughed.

"'Thomas,' he said to me, 'do you remember that story I let you read a week ago?'

"'"The Perfect Crime?" Yes, sir,' I answered.

"'Well, I've lent that story to a friend of mine, and he just asked me a most singular question about it. What he wanted to know was whether I had lent that story to any one previously. I answered no, because I don't want him to know I let you read it. Weird, to say the least!'

"Mr. Salisbury, he called it weird, but I think it was more sinister than he imagined. Don't you see what I am trying to bring out? Why should this man want to know if any one else had read the story, unless it was because 'The Perfect Crime' suggested the way of a perfect crime to him, and he feared that if any one had read the story prior to him——"

Salisbury, suddenly smitten with awful understanding, uttered a low exclamation. He directed a flurried glance at the anxious face of the butler.

"You mean," he asked incredulously, "that this man might have had a grudge against Lakewood and murdered him along the lines of Lakewood's own story?"

Thomas nodded solemnly.

"Yes, sir. That is what I mean. That glove, Mr. Salisbury, impresses me as being a 'plant,' purposely left there. In 'The Perfect Crime' it was a cigarette that was planted."

"But—it was a woman——"

"What difference does that make?" Thomas interposed. "In my opinion the murder of Mr. Lakewod was a brazen plot, the woman in the case being just a figurehead intended to baffle the police. She might not have committed the crime at all. The police have discovered that the window was first forced open from the outside."

Salisbury thought a while. "Did Mr. Lakewood mention the name of the man who borrowed the story from him?" he inquired.

"He did," said Thomas. "It is Allworth; the first name, I believe, is George."

Salisbury frowned.

"It's unfortunate, but I don't happen to know the man. Perhaps you know who he is, Thomas?"

The butler shook his head.

"The name may be in the directory," said Salisbury. "If it is, Allworth can expect a visit from me in the very near future."

---

## CHAPTER FOUR

HAVING equipped himself with more details, Salisbury thanked the old butler and went into the lobby. At the desk he inquired for a directory, which was instantly supplied him. A sense of elation passed through him as his roving finger paused at "George C. Allworth; Residence, 6242 West W—— Ave."

6242 West W—— Ave. was situated in an exclusive section of the city, therefore Salisbury realized that with the slim evidence he had (if evidence it was), he must proceed slowly and cautiously; for no doubt he was up against a crafty, influential desperado, who would resent the slightest innuendo forcibly, legally or otherwise.

Before the wake of fortuity his appetite had fled; then, too, he realized that he was acting advisedly, under the jurisdiction of the law; so when five minutes had passed he was in a taxi headed for 6242 West W—— Ave.

The home of George Allworth was luxuriant, more so even than his own bachelor residence, and Salisbury was duly impressed. Still, he possessed that carefree individuality which is never out of place anywhere, and to the uniformed flunkey who opened the door for him he stated his desire to see Mr. Allworth briskly and sharply.

The attendant looked at him closely, then asked:

"You are the detective?"

Salisbury did not outwardly evidence his surprise. He pondered a moment before answering:

"Yes. My name is Salisbury, from headquarters. The chief authorized me——"

"Mr. Allworth is expecting you," the servant interpolated. "Will you come in, please?"

Expecting him? Salisbury for the moment was amazed. It was strange, Allworth's expecting a police detective to visit him. Was

it possible that Allworth knew something of vital importance in connection with the case?"

At any rate, Salisbury told himself as he seated himself in the reception chamber, Allworth, whether innocent or guilty, at least knew something of the crime, something that might throw a flash of light into the dark corners and reveal——

Mr. George Allworth came in. Salisbury's surprise galvanized into a start. Somehow he had not been expecting the sort of man who stood before him now. He had pictured Allworth as a man of forty-five or so, dark, abrupt, well-groomed perhaps, but discompassionate. And now he found that Allworth was not middle-aged, but young—about thirty; that he was not dark, but fair; that his features, complexion and suavity were perfect; that his personality was consummate and his smile pleasant.

"Good-evening, Mr. Salisbury," said Allworth, proffering his hand.

Salisbury acquiesced in the conventionality of shaking hands. He had already come to a decision; since Allworth had been expecting a man from headquarters, then Allworth had very likely made provisions to do the talking. That meant that he, Salisbury, had only to listen—to listen hard, and to catch every stray motion, every gesture that might be mute testimony in balancing his suspicions and leading him to a solving of the mystery.

Allworth seated himself, clasping his fingers about his knee. The action was non-committal, yet it seemed to evince the man's total unconcern.

"Mrs. Allworth will be in shortly," he said. "I trust she will be able to explain the incident of the glove."

Salisbury's brows knit. Would surprises never cease? What could Allworth mean by reference to the glove?

And then a thought struck him. Was it possible—could it be that Mrs. Allworth, who was no doubt this man's wife, and the lady in black were one and the same person?

Under lowered lids Salisbury looked into the smiling gray eyes of the other. A sudden premonition came to him—a premonition strong and vibrant; he could not help but feel, nay, he *knew*, that between Allworth and his wife lay the solution of the mystery. He set his lips determinedly.

"By the way, Mr. Salisbury, have you the glove with you?" Allworth suddenly asked.

Salisbury expressed a negative.

"But you remember it? Would you recognize it if it were shown you?"

"Of course," said Salisbury. "I have it firmly imprinted in my mind." A thought crystallized in his mind, and he added boldly: "Also, despite the newspapers to the contrary, we have traced it in the retail stores; it was you who paid for it."

Allworth nodded his head.

"So I did. That is the reason I was expecting a visit from the police. I bought the gloves for Mrs. Allworth. By the bye, Mr. Salisbury, your name is vaguely familiar. Are you the Salisbury who came to visit Mr. Lakewood the night he died so—so mysteriously?"

"The identical one. I was a friend of Daniel Lakewood's."

"Ah! Then this case must be all the more interesting to you. So Mr. Lakewood had detective friends! But of course that is only natural, since he was a district attorney."

"But Mrs. Allworth——?" Salisbury suggested.

Allworth gestured deprecatorily.

"Mrs. Allworth? Ah, yes, I had almost forgotten. You wish—— But if you will pardon me a moment, Mr. Salisbury, I will see what is delaying her."

He turned, and as he passed out of the room the pseudo-detective was aware that the same smile he had used on entering was still plastered on his face.

Salisbury could now not help but feel that in the person of Mrs. Allworth was centred the crux of the entire mystery, that she was the pivot upon which the whole case revolved. Allworth, too, in spite of his urbanity, seemed to be an important factor; somehow he acted too willing to aid the behalf of justice, more complacent than was natural. He was too considerate of Salisbury.

Allworth returned eventually.

"Mrs. Allworth feels indisposed, and she regrets that she can't come in here," he said. "But if you'll step into the library——"

Salisbury followed him through the rich-wrought hallway into a large room, the walls

of which were resplendent with secretaries and book-cases. The room was furnished sumptuously; the very atmosphere was warm with munificence; the illumination, though plentiful, was low and mellow; and the tall, slender, graceful young woman who sat in the Virginia sofa climaxed the picture to perfection. She glanced up casually as the two men entered, rising while Allworth made the introduction.

Salisbury now had time to study her. There was no mistaking her beauty. Yet she was not the girl that, in lieu of Allworth's youth, he had expected; doubtlessly she was young, but the refined archaism of her was distinguishable.

And there was sorrow in her blanched face. Her eyes were wistful. They glistened as though with tears.

"Sylvia," said Allworth, in a relentless tone, "Mr. Salisbury would very much like to see your black gloves, the pair you wore last night."

She sat down and did not speak immediately. Salisbury saw that she was looking at her husband, and he detected an expression of appeal (or was it fear?) in her glance. As for Allworth, he was smiling; yet somehow his amiability was gone; here in the light Salisbury noticed that there were hard lines about the man's eyes.

Then, beseechingly, Mrs. Allworth turned to Salisbury.

"I want to tell you the whole story," she said. "I know that as a result of the discovery of my glove by the side of the murdered Mr. Lakewood the police suspect me of being his murderess. That of course is the reason you are here. But I want to assert I am innocent. I did not kill Mr. Lakewood. Oh, I know the police believe I am the woman in black the papers spoke so much about, but it is not so; it is not so. I was at home the entire night; I did not go to visit Mr. Lakewood. Some one who wishes me ill has stolen my gloves and a dark dress of mine; it was only this morning that I discovered the absence of them, and when I read in the papers—— Oh, it is horrible! My husband, moreover, does not even believe me; he actually thinks me guilty of this atrocious crime. And I cannot prove my innocence. Would to God that I could." She paused, a sob was audible, and she added tremulously:

"Oh, please believe me!"

It was all uttered in so plaintive a tone that Salisbury was impressed.

"Then you were not even acquainted with the district attorney?" he asked.

She shuddered then, looking quickly at Allworth. There was no mistaking the fear in that glance. Allworth stood with arms folded, a looming, prepossessing figure, his handsome eyes dark and poignant. She nodded slowly.

"Yes, I was. But——"

Allworth interrupted her with a convincing slowness:

"Go on, Sylvia. Since you promised to tell Mr. Salisbury all, why not do so? Why not tell him *how much* acquainted you were with Lakewood? Why not tell him of your affair? And the pistol—why don't you show it to him?"

Mrs. Allworth moaned; a tear left her eye; she looked appealingly towards Salisbury.

"My husband is jealous of me; he believes that Mr. Lakewood and I had a secret love affair; that I killed him because he spurned me. But it is not so! True, Mr. Lakewood made advances, but I always kept him at a distance. As for the pistol, I found it this morning in my drawer; one chamber is empty. But it is not mine; I swear to that! How it got there I do not know." She paused, stifling a sob.

A silence ensued—a silence vast and goading.

And then suddenly Salisbury played his trump card. He turned sharply to Allworth, and his voice smote the air with a stentorian quickness:

"Mr. Allworth, what did you do with the story Lakewood lent you, 'The Perfect Crime.'?"

A gasp, a sudden flush, a quick widening of maze-ridden eyes, and George Allworth took a step forward. As quickly he stopped. His face lost its comeliness; it became a purplish red—almost apoplectic.

"What do you mean?" he muttered hoarsely.

"Just what I've said: Daniel Lakewood lent you a story which was never returned; you have it. I ask that you turn it over to me."

Natural color returned to Allworth's face. The hint of an ironical smile reverted to his lips. He bowed low.

"If so authorized by Mr. Lakewood or his legal representatives, Mr. Salisbury, you may have it."

"And—if not?"

"Then it is my property."

"Why won't you return it?"

"That is my affair."

"But if I told you, Allworth, that I had already read it, and because of that I now know who murdered Dan Lakewood?"

For the first time Allworth's face showed fear. It was slight, almost imperceptible, yet it was there. It was in his eyes, and it was the fear of a cornered rat.

"And who was it," he asked slowly, "that murdered Lakewood?"

Salisbury told him: "You did, Allworth."

"I? But how do you know?"

"Easy enough. I suspected you even before I came into the house, and I had determined to watch you closely. I interpreted in your every word a veiled purpose: you were trying to throw the guilt of your crime on some one else. That some one is your wife. I came here to find the motive, and I now know it. You believed, as your wife has said, that she had a clandestine affair with Lakewood, and your instinctive jealousy blinded you and made you wish for revenge. When Lakewood lent you 'The Perfect Crime' you decided to commit the murder along the lines of the story; the murdered man to be Lakewood and the suspect who was to pay for the crime your own wife.

"Allworth, *you* are 'the woman in black'! It was *you* who stole your wife's clothes and gloves, disguised yourself as a woman, and—committed the crime. You left your wife here alone at the time so that she could prove no alibi. You dropped her glove at the scene of the murder, believing it could be easily traced. You—— But it is needless to go into details. Allworth, I arrest you for——"

A muffled scream rent the air. It came from Allworth. Swiftly he darted to the door; something that shone dully leaped into his hand. His hair had suddenly become disheveled, and a sullen, spasmodic rage glared from his eyes.

"Arrest me, will you?" he shrieked. "You—— Yes, I killed Lakewood! He and my wife thought they had the wool over my eyes—the sneaks! But they hadn't. They couldn't fool me.

"I've lost. They say it's the woman who always pays, but—well, I realized beforehand that I might lose, and I've prepared against just such a moment as this."

His hand went to his pocket, darted to his mouth; he gulped something down. A minute passed. Only the weeping of Mrs. Allworth and the heavy breathing of the murderer himself marred the stillness. Then the pistol began to waver. Salisbury took a step forward, but the weapon grew terse.

"Stand where you are," Allworth shouted harshly. "If you come—near—me, and—if—I—if I've—one drop—of energy——"

His voice died in a gurgle, his knees sagged, and the pistol clattered with his body to the floor.

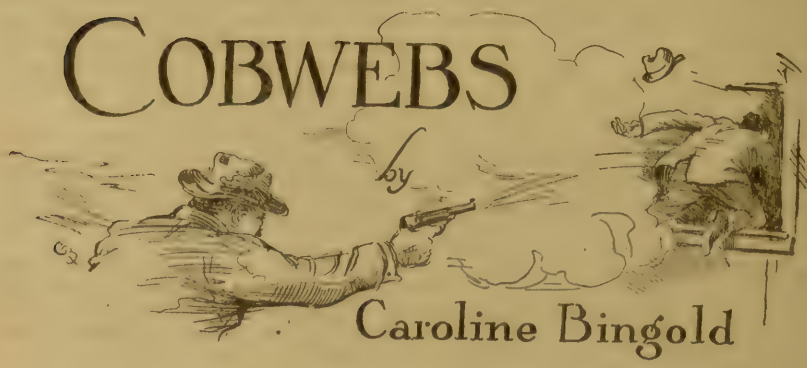
## PRODUCERS NOW BRAND THEIR FRUIT

NEW YORKERS have been buying grapefruit and oranges that are branded with the trade-mark of the concern growing and marketing them. This mark is put on by an electric branding machine invented five or six years ago, but made practical the past season.

The announcement is now made that the machine has been perfected until it will brand tomatoes without bruising them or breaking the skin. The marking is done with vegetable ink, which is entirely harmless, but so indelible that it cannot be removed without disfiguring the fruit. The process is also to be used in marking apples, avocadoes and the smooth-skinned melons.

The public has taken kindly to the branded fruits, which are of high grade, as the branding is done only on the best products. It enables the producers to identify their fruits, just as manufacturers of other foods do, and makes it worth while to establish a reputation for what comes from their orchards.

# COBWEBS



by

Caroline Bingold

MRS. HALLORAN stood with arms immersed in the washtub when her doorbell rang loudly and insistently.

"Drat it!" exploded Mrs. Halloran, flicking the soapsuds from her arms. "If that's some one lookin' for them rooms, it's a wonder they wouldn't come some other time besides Monday mornin'. They orter know everybody's busy washin'."

Wiping her arms with her apron, the irate landlady shuffled to the door. Cautiously lifting one side of the curtain, she peered at the newcomers. Then her face broke into a smile, and opening the door, she said: "Good-mornin'. Lookin' for furnished rooms?"

A tall, light-complexioned man raised his hat, while his friendly smile revealed a set of pearly-looking teeth.

"Yes, I saw the sign on your house and thought I'd inquire. You are Mrs. Halloran?"

"You bet I'm Mrs. Halloran," said the landlady with a proud toss of the head. "Come in and I'll show you the rooms."

During this conversation a girl who looked to be about fourteen years of age, with large brown eyes and blonde curls, stood demurely by the man's side gazing at Mrs. Halloran.

Now she smiled a bewitching smile, and her eyes danced merrily as the man said: "Come, Doris."

Mrs. Halloran closed the door, walking to the flight of steps that led to the floor above, then stopped short.

"First, I wanta know who you are and who's this girl with you?" she snapped. "I keep a respectable house here."

The man smiled quietly. "I assure you, Mrs. Halloran, we're quite respectable. My name is Hearns and this girl is Doris Hearns. No, not my sister. My child—by adoption," he added as he saw Mrs. Halloran raise her eyebrows.

"Oh, that's different," answered Mrs. Halloran politely. "I was just a-thinkin' that you're mighty young to be ownin' a daughter as big as her."

The man laughed. "You see, her folks and my folks were very good friends, and when our parents died I was old enough to look out for myself, but Doris wasn't. I wouldn't have her knocked around from pillar to post, so I adopted her."

Mrs. Halloran looked at the man with admiration in her eyes. "Well, now, that's what I call bein' good. Not many young men like you are would do a thing like that. No, siree! How old is the girl?"

"Fourteen years, Mrs. Halloran."

"Mighty tall for her age," and the landlady looked "Doris" up and down from head to toe.

"Yes," replied the man, "she has grown so

fast that she doesn't gain strength. Doctors forbid me to send her to school. But her education isn't neglected. I teach her at home."

Mrs. Halloran seemed satisfied with these explanations and showed the prospective tenants upstairs.

"Here's two of the finest bedrooms in the house," she explained. "Only one flight up, and, let me tell you, they're always as spic and span as you see 'em now."

"Doris" walked into each room in turn and looked about. Then, turning to the man, she said: "I like these, Pal, because they're so clean."

"Then we'll take them," answered "Pal," with a knowing look at the girl that escaped the eyes of the landlady. "And would you have a sort of sitting room you could rent us, Mrs. Halloran? Doris and I are together a great deal on account of her studies and I'd like an extra room. Nothing is too good for my little girl."

James Austin, known to the underworld as the "Crow," spoke the truth. Daisy Dorn, alias Doris Hearns, the "Nightingale," meant everything to him.

"Well, let me see," ruminated Mrs. Halloran, a jumble of figures with a dollar sign before them tumbling through her mind. "I've got a small sittin' room right next these two bedrooms that I was kinda savin' up for myself, but the Lord says we're to help where we can"—the landlady hesitated a moment to count some figures on her fingers—"and so I'll let you have it if it suits you."

The room suited the purpose of the "Crow" and the "Nightingale." Mrs. Halloran named her price, and it took her fully ten minutes to recover from the surprise of receiving a month's rent in advance. Usually she was paid by the week, and sometimes not at all. At first she thought she had asked too much for the rooms. Now she began to wonder whether she had asked enough. However, it was more than she had ever gotten before, and so she went back to her washing with a song on her lips.

Everything went along smoothly for about a week, when one morning Mrs. Halloran was again summoned to the door. But this time she frowned as she said unpleasantly: "Good-mornin', Detective Andrews. And what will you be wantin' at my place, I'd like to know?"

"We'll both know that pretty soon, Mrs. Halloran," answered the detective good-naturedly. "I want to ask you a few questions about those new roomers you have here."

"Is that so!" flared the landlady. "I won't have you cops nosin' around my place. I'm respectable and so are the people livin' in my house. I ain't keepin' a lot of crooks under my roof. Not by a long shot, and——"

"Mrs. Halloran," interrupted Andrews sternly, "you forget who you're talking to. I'm coming in and you're going to answer my questions."

Mrs. Halloran stepped aside to allow the detective to enter, then showed the way to the front parlor.

"Well, what is it you wanta know?" she snapped.

Detective Andrews ignored both the landlady's question and manner.

"We're looking for a man who the police and underworld know as the 'Crow.' Now——"

"Crow!" exploded Mrs. Halloran. "Do you think Mr. Hearns is lookin' like a crow? He's right good-lookin', is Mr. Hearns——"

"I'm not referring to his looks, Mrs. Halloran. 'Crow' is his nickname, and his right name is James Austin."

"Well, my new roomer says his name is Hearns, so you needn't——"

"It's not what he says it is, Mrs. Halloran," rapped the detective angrily. "These crooks change their names every day."

"Then you think he's a crook?" Mrs. Halloran glared at the detective with fury in her eyes.

"Well, I have my suspicions," drawled Andrews. "Who's the girl he has with him?"

"His adopted daughter. Whadda you snickerin' at? Her folks are dead, and cause she's too young to take care of herself he adopted her. More'n you would do!"

"If I was adopting a kid, I'd adopt a kid and not a woman."

"Whadda you mean, woman?"

"Just what I say. If she's a day old I'll wager she's twenty-one. And I guess I win."

"You win nothin'! Mr. Hearns told me she's only fourteen and——"

"Huh! Hearns told you!" snorted Andrews in disgust. "Do you believe every darn thing he tells you? I suppose he's paying you more rent than you can get from any one else, therefore he's a gentleman. I'll prove to you who he is! The girl dressed in short skirts and a false wig is nothing but a blind."

Mrs. Halloran gasped in surprise. "False wig?"

"Yes, false wig is what I said," returned the detective. "If you haven't noticed it, you'd better consult an optician. Show me the rooms they occupy."

Mrs. Halloran quietly led the way upstairs without another word. But she was thinking fast. Supposing what the detective said was true and it should become public information that she had rented rooms to crooks? Why, her good reputation would be gone and who would believe that she was innocent?"

They went into the girl's room first. Detective Andrews surveyed the room, then opened a door that disclosed a wardrobe which held nothing but short dresses and a child's clothes in general.

Mrs. Halloran was standing near a dresser when a comb with several strands of black hair twisted in its teeth attracted her attention. Glancing hastily at the detective, who still had his back toward her, the landlady swiftly removed the hair from the comb and put it in her apron pocket.

After a time they passed on to the man's room and thence to the sitting-room. But the detective's face showed that he was keenly disappointed.

Turning to Mrs. Halloran with a shrug of the shoulders, he said: "I see nothing that tells any tales, but there's something queer about those two just the same. I'm after the Crow and the Nightingale, and I'll get them yet."

Andrews started downstairs, and Mrs. Halloran followed.

"Is Nightingale a girl?" she asked, suspicion beginning to creep into her mind.

"Yes," answered Andrews. "They call her that because she's a good singer. Must have had her voice trained some time. Darn shame to use a good voice to charm a lot of crooks! Well, so long, Mrs. Halloran. Thanks for showing me around and I promise not to bother you again unless duty calls me to do so."

Andrews went down the steps whistling his favorite tune. Suddenly his jaws snapped together with grim determination. He had made up his mind that he would watch Mrs. Halloran's place and watch it closely.

As Mrs. Halloran turned from the door toward the kitchen, she drew out the strands of hair she had hidden in her apron.

"That sure is funny," she mumbled to herself. "They're black, and they ain't very long, but they're too long to be a man's hair. Besides, Hearns and the girl are blondes unless they're both wearin' wigs. I'll find out." Mrs. Halloran ended her speech by throwing the hair into a garbage pail.

Then she remembered what the detective said about the Nightingale's singing. She had heard this girl called "Doris" singing one day. "And as I remember it now," said Mrs. Halloran aloud, "it wasn't a child's singin', either. It was like a woman. Funny I didn't think of that before. Huh!"

The landlady then went back to her work with the promise of keeping her eyes wide open.

Several days slipped by, and Detective Andrews began to feel uneasy. As hard as he tried, he could not "get anything" on the two new roomers at Mrs. Halloran's and the Crow's gang was still at large. The Chief, at headquarters, had had his men "on the carpet" and his accusation of laxness was still ringing in Andrews's ears.

Then one evening he made a discovery that sent the blood tingling through his veins. He dashed straight to headquarters with a vision of promotion before his eyes. Andrews blew into the chief's office as if a cyclone had swept him in.

"Well?" asked the chief in astonishment. He could hardly believe that any one of his men was capable of such speed.

"I've made a wonderful find, Chief!" exclaimed Andrews, gasping for breath. "Oh, I'll admit I just stumbled onto it, but it's there all right." The detective's eyes glowed with pride.

"Well, what's there and where?"

"The hang-out of a gang of crooks behind Capelli's barber shop, Chief. I'm dead sure

of it! Give me men and a patrol and I'll make the raid now."

"Right-o," said Chief Meskill with a grin of satisfaction. "That's the way I like to see things happen."

Five minutes later the patrol drew up in front of Capelli's barber shop. Detective Andrews ordered some of his men to surround the place, then started into the shop with the rest of the patrolmen close at his heels.

Capelli, owner of the shop, had just emerged from a door in the rear of the shop. On seeing the detective and his men he became frightened and started back for the door.

"Stand where you are!" commanded Andrews, drawing his revolver. Then as he came to the man's side, "What's in the rear of this shop?"

Capelli involuntarily raised his hands over his head. "Only—my—living-rooms," he stammered.

"That so?" snapped the detective. "I'll see for myself. Lead the way, and no funny work either. Remember, I'm here for business."

Capelli led the way through a dingy hallway that terminated with a closed door.

"In here?" asked Andrews, trying the door. "It's locked! Tell 'em to open."

Capelli thought it best to comply with the detective's wishes and as the door swung open, six gangsters, who had been seated about a table in the rear room, jumped to their feet.

"Rush 'em," shouted Andrews to his men.

During the fracas that followed the raiders succeeded in manacling five of the crooks. The sixth one, seeing that the police had gained the upper hand, started through one of the rear windows. The sharp crack of a revolver told that the fleeing man had been fired at, but when Andrews reached the window and peered out no one was in sight.

"The bird's flown," he muttered. Then, after shouting some orders to his men, he raced through the barber shop and out of the door to the street. There he hailed a passing taxi and gave the address of Mrs. Halloran's rooming house.

"I'll get you now, Crow," he said half aloud as he sank onto the seat, "and no mistake about it, either."

Mrs. Halloran was just coming out of the front door of her home, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes, when the Crow staggered up the steps.

"Glory be!" exclaimed Mrs. Halloran. "Are you drunk?"

"No, I'm not drunk, Mrs. Halloran," answered the Crow with much effort. "I've met with an accident."

"Well, you poor boy! Here, let me help you." Mrs. Halloran was all sympathy even though she did suspect the roomer of having lied to her. Grasping him firmly by the arm, she helped him upstairs to the living-room and as he sank into an easy-chair she asked with indignation in her voice, "Did one of them dang-fangled autos bump you?"

The Crow shook his head with just the flicker of a smile on his lips. "I can't talk now, Mrs. Halloran. Will you do me—a big favor—and call—Dr. Fenwell?" Dr. Fenwell had shielded him once before and the crook knew he would be safe in calling him.

"Course I will," replied Mrs. Halloran, passing her hand over the Crow's forehead. "Lord, you're burnin' up with fever. I'll fetch the doctor right quick."

The Crow rested his head on the back of the chair while a long sigh escaped his lips. The next moment the door opened and the Nightingale slipped in. The smile died on her lips as she stood gazing at her partner. Then springing to his side, she almost screamed: "Pal, what's the matter? You're so white! Are you ill?"

The Crow jerked himself to a half-sitting position. She must not know how badly he was wounded, he told himself. Once before, when she had become badly frightened, her heart almost gave out and he thought he had lost her. And now he must spare her all anxiety.

"No, I'm not ill, dear," he answered soothingly. "Just a little unnerved, I guess. Had a narrow escape. The cops got wise to Capelli's place and raided it to-night."

"Oh," exclaimed the Nightingale, beginning to tremble with fear, "what would I have done if you hadn't gotten away? I'd have given myself up, too, that's what I would!"

"Hush, Daisy," cautioned the Crow, "it's all right now."

The crook did not know that Detective An-

drews had reached the house, and finding the front door open, had tiptoed upstairs and stationed himself outside the living-room door. At this very moment he was listening to their conversation.

"You're sure you weren't followed, pal?"

"Yes, quite sure, Nightingale. But aren't you a little indiscreet to-night? You're minus your wig."

"Oh, that old thing's so heavy and hot, pal. I just couldn't stand it any longer. Besides, everybody's out to-night."

"Mrs. Halloran will be back——"

"No," and the Nightingale shook her head, causing her black, bobbed hair to fly about her face, "she's gone to the movies. She won't be back for a while."

The Crow winced as a sharp pain darted through his side. It was agony to breathe and he wished he would not have to talk. He was afraid to trust his voice, that insisted upon quavering.

"Have you finished your rhetoric lesson?" he asked at length.

The Nightingale nodded. "Do you want to see it?"

Taking a slip of paper from a book on which were written several original figures of speech, the girl handed it to her pal. But the meaning of the words would not sink into the crook's mind. The letters started to dance all over the paper and then he began to realize it was because he could not control his trembling hand.

The Nightingale sank to her knees on a little cushioned bench at his side. Taking the paper from him, she sighed: "I don't think you ought to bother to-night, pal. You're nervous and tired."

Replacing her lesson in the text-book, she dropped it to the floor. Then, leaning on the arm of her pal's chair, she took his hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"Oh, if only I knew we were safe," she murmured. "I had a terrible dream last night, pal. It was about cobwebs."

"Cobwebs?"

"Yes. I dreamed that you and I were in a room filled with nasty cobwebs and we were trying to fight our way out of it. Oh, pal, it was terrible! I can feel those horrible old things clinging to my face and hands yet."

The Nightingale began clawing at her face as though the cobwebs were still there, while outside the door Detective Andrews stood with a grin on his face. He was thinking pleasant thoughts of promotion, more salary, and the honor that would be his when he turned his quarry over to the chief.

"There, there," answered the Crow tenderly, managing to put his arm around the girl, "don't get yourself all excited, dear. I believe you're becoming an alarmist."

"I can't help it, pal. Something tells me there's danger ahead. Ugh, those cobwebs choked me so I woke up all of a sudden and found myself gasping for air! And then —the thought came to me that the bulls are weaving a web around us and they'll get us yet."

The Crow felt unconsciousness creeping nearer, but he fought it off bravely. He tried to think that his pal's apprehension was unfounded, yet a feeling that it was true persisted in lingering. The Nightingale waited a moment for her pal's answer, then took his silence to mean that she was right.

Tears sprang to her eyes as she pleaded, "Oh, pal, tell me our jobs are finished! You know you promised me that you'd go straight when——"

The Crow's eyes glistened as he looked at the Nightingale and his arm tightened about her as he drew her closer to him. "And I meant every word of it, Nightingale," he interrupted, his voice suddenly grown firm. "I'm going to walk the straight and narrow path with you. God knows, I never had a right to lead you from it. But the fact remains that I did and now I'm going to lead you back again. Little songster, our jobs are finished."

"I'm so glad, pal!" answered the Nightingale, wiping away her tears. "Oh, I'm so happy, I don't know what to do with myself."

"I want you always to be happy, Daisy. We'll go away from here and find a nest for the Nightingale and the Crow. We want at least that dream to come true."

The Nightingale laughed softly, then suddenly her eyes became wild with terror. "Did you hear a noise, pal?"

The Crow shook his head in the negative. "You're jumpy to-night, little lady. Better

calm yourself." Then, with a smile, "Hand me your pad and pencil, will you, please?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied the girl with a comical grimace, at the same time wondering what in the world her pal wanted to write.

Resting the pad on the arm of his chair, the Crow humorously scribbled something on the first sheet, then tore it off and handed it to the Nightingale.

The girl gave an exclamation of joy. "Oh, that'll be in a week from now, won't it, pal?"

Before the Crow could answer the door opened and Detective Andrews stood in the doorway. Advancing into the room, he said: "Well, I've got the Crow and the Nightingale at last. You've been playing a pretty slick game, you two, but it didn't work." Then to the Crow: "How'd you get away with two of my men on guard?"

The Crow's breath came in gasps. "Why—through—the cellar."

"Oh, I see. You bolted the rear cellar door and while my men were wasting time breaking it down you managed to get out the front way."

And as the Crow nodded, the detective continued: "You're a mighty quick worker, Crow, I'll say. But the quickest of you crooks gets caught some time. I've heard that you're as shrewd as they make 'em, but there's none of you shrewd enough. The hand of the law moves slowly, but it wins in the end."

Andrews gazed at his prisoners, gloating over his good fortune like a boy who has just won a game of marbles. The Chief couldn't accuse him of laxness. No, sir! Not now!

"I've been standing outside that door for some time," he informed his prisoners, "and I heard every word you said. Thought you'd get away from the city, did you? Well, I guess it's as plain as day now that you won't. You're going right to headquarters and you'd better make up your minds to go quietly. There are two cells waiting there for both of you."

Going to the Nightingale's side, the detective slipped one bracelet of a pair of handcuffs on her wrist. "Don't like to treat the weaker sex like this," he apologized, "but I heard you're a fly one, so I'll just make sure you don't try any funny work."

The Nightingale had remained in one position as though petrified, her eyes bulging with terror, ever since Andrews had entered. Now a piercing scream escaped her lips, "Oh, my heart! My poor heart!" Slumping forward, her head dropped to the Crow's shoulder.

While Andrews was watching the Nightingale he did not notice that the Crow's hand had gone to his side and that his head had fallen forward. Now, as he looked at the two figures huddled together, he thought they were trying to spring a new trick on him.

Jerking on the handcuff attached to the Nightingale's wrist, he commanded, "Come on now, no stalling! Get up!"

There was no response, and as the detective let go of the handcuff he noticed that the girl's arm fell limply to her side. He had not realized that during that piercing scream despair had seized the Nightingale's heart and stopped its action.

Now he whistled softly as he lifted her head so he could see her face that was an ashen gray, while the region around her mouth was blue.

"My God, she's dead!" Then looking at the Crow, "And so is he! But how——"

Then Andrews remembered the shot Patrolman Marcy had fired at the Crow. Ripping open the dead man's coat and shirt, he found a bullet wound just below the heart.

Detective Andrews straightened up. "So Marcy got you, anyway," he said aloud.

Noticing the piece of paper that had dropped from the Nightingale's hand to the floor, the detective picked it up and read: "This is to certify that the Nightingale and the Crow shall be legally and thoroughly married by April first."

Andrews shook his head sadly. "That's what she meant by the week I heard her talking about. In another week they'd have gotten married and gone to some other place to settle down. It's too late, Crow. You were straight with that little girl all right, and God bless you for it. I guess some folks that aren't crooks could take a lesson from you in decency. Good-by, and good luck to both of you."

Detective Andrews knew that he was beaten by a higher Law. Silently unclasping the handcuff and removing it from the girl's wrist, the detective doffed his hat and bowed his head in the presence of the dead.

# The Mystery of Man and How to Solve It

By RUSSELL RAYMOND VOORHEES

## PART II—PALMISTRY

THE science of reading character from the hand, or rather by means of the hand, is divided into two parts, although to the average person it generally appears as one science. Palmistry, or chiromancy, as it was called by the ancient Greeks, means the reading of character and talents from the lines of the hand, while the shape of the hand and fingers, or chirognomy, enables us to read character and abilities apart from the lines of the hand. So it can be seen that the science is really two sciences in one, and in order to get the full benefit from either they should first be considered separately, and then together. So in this article I shall discuss the subject of palmistry, and see whether it throws any light on the mystery of man.

In the first place, it might be well to say a word or two about this science. Like astrology, which I discussed in the last issue, palmistry dates back in the ancient past to the time of the Greeks, and even before then. Those people believe in the ancient sciences that today are so little thought of by many, and even guided their daily lives by such sciences as astrology and palmistry. When we think of the marked progress that they made, and of the wonderful heritage that they left to posterity, we cannot help but wonder whether it was their belief in and use of these old sciences that was responsible. In all events the ancients gave us palmistry and also chirognomy or the science of reading character and talent from the shape of the hand and fingers.

It would be hard to find a person who has not heard of the expression, "Your luck's in your hand," but most of us hear these common every-day expressions, and then pass them up without giving them a second thought. Those who believe in palmistry believe that this expression, so often said in fun, is literally true, and that if you study hard enough you can find your luck right in your hand.

Almost everybody has looked at their hand some time or other, and have even remarked about the various lines that are found in it. Often at a party the subject will come up, and an examination of the various hands will show that no two are exactly alike. Even the minute markings on the hands are radically different. But whether this might mean anything has never been given a second thought, except possibly by a very few who have been the target for a hearty "ha—ha!" by the rest. But it is not necessary to go back very far to prove that the markings on the hand have some real value. In criminal science the finger-print is a recognized part of detecting crime; but only a comparatively few years

ago, when Bertillon first made this suggestion, the world thought he had gone crazy. Can it be possible that the ancient Greeks were right, and that all through these years and years, when we have laughed at the science of palmistry, we have simply been making fools out of ourselves? We shall try to find out.

In looking at any hand we notice on the palm three lines that seem to stand out more prominently than the rest of the maze of lines, crosses and whatnots. And if we bend the hand in the opposite direction that we do when we close it we will notice that these three lines become more and more prominent and generally redder and redder, which gives them still more prominence. One of these lines takes a more or less parallel course to the base of the four fingers. Another line is located under this nearer the wrist of the hand, and it is also more or less parallel to the base of the fingers, and of course more or less parallel to the first line we have just mentioned. The third line that seems to attract our first attention might be said to partly circle the thumb, or rather that part of the palm of which the thumb is a part. It generally extends from one side of the hand, the side the thumb is located on, right around to the wrist, and often runs right off the side of the hand at the wrist. It is these three lines that we will first consider.

Since most of us are interested in life, first of all, and how long we will live, I will first take up the life line, which is the third line I mentioned, or the one that seems to circle the thumb. Palmistry claims to be able to tell the length of life of a person by means of that line, when they will be visited by sickness, and in fact everything connected with their health and physical well-being.

A normal person should have a life line that is long, distinct and without a chain-like construction. In other words, it should be a real line, and not a sketchy line such as artists draw when they first sketch a picture. If you have that sort of a life line you can be sure you are normal; that is, if you believe in palmistry. But of course few of us are normal, so we must consider the variations of the life line.

If the life line appears to be made up of a number of small lines or looks like the sketchy line of an artist's drawing, it denotes poor health, a lack of what we call pep to-day, and generally a weak stomach.

A prominent life line, thin and deeply cut into the palm, indicates a person of considerable nerve and will power, while a bold, broad line, not cut so deeply, indicates a person of more animal nature or animal strength. The thin line is the life line of refinement.

A life line that ends fairly high on the palm of the hand, under the first finger, denotes that that person has a great deal of control over himself or herself, and is governed very much by their ambitions, whereas a line that ends nearer the thumb denotes a large amount of temper and a disposition that is harder to get along with without trouble.

But the life line indicates most of all the length of our life. The beginning of the line is at the side of the palm between the thumb and the first finger, and so the ending is, of course, at the wrist or the side of the palm under the thumb. Palmistry marks off this line in divisions of ten years each, and so it is possible to tell when sickness will come and when health will be with us. The first division of ten years comes about the same distance down the life line from the beginning as the distance from the beginning of the line to the point where the thumb joins the hand. The next five ten-year divisions follow along in order, each being about one-third the length of this first ten-year division or about one-third the distance between the beginning of the life line and the mark denoting the ten-year period. That accounts for sixty years. The next four ten-year periods are about equal distance apart and are of such length that the last one, or the marking for the 100th year of life, is just a little less distant from the end of the life line or the side of the palm under the thumb than the first ten-year marking is from the beginning of the life line or the side of the palm under the first finger and over the thumb. Since hands vary so much in size it is impossible to give a clearer explanation of the distance of these lines, but with a little careful study of this explanation it will be found to fit every condition with possibly just a little readjustment of the distance between the first seven periods.

A clear, unbroken life line between any of

these periods means good health with plenty of pep to go through the tasks that are ahead. If the line is broken or sketchy it means danger, and the person should take especial care of his or her health. The health value of these sciences is possibly of more value than almost any other value, because if they can warn us of periods in which we are liable to contract disease and possibly die, we can by being forewarned avoid many of these illnesses. It is fully proved that much of our illness is unnecesary, but it seems that few of us care to think of our health at all times. If palmistry is a true science, then it can relieve us of the necessity of thinking of our health at all times by warning us when to take heed and beware. Oh, what a blessing, if it is true.

There are many other things that the life line can tell us, but the idea of these articles is simply to briefly sketch the various sciences so that the readers can in a short article get a fair idea of what the various symbols and indications mean.

The next line that I will consider is the head line, which is the line just above the life line and which runs from one side of the palm to the other and practically parallel to the base of the fingers. It is the second line that I mentioned in the group of three most prominent lines of the hand. This head line is an indication of the mentality of the person.

To begin with, a head line that is clean and deeply cut into the palm indicates a strong mentality, and a powerful one at that, while a line that is broader and not as deep indicates a weaker mentality. This should not be taken to mean that such a person would be an idiot or anything like that. It simply means that the mentality of such a person is not as strong as the mentality of a person whose head line is clear and deeply cut. It means that they do not possess the brain power of the former type.

We will now turn our attention to the beginning of the head line, as this gives a marked insight into a person's character. The head line begins at the side of the palm between the thumb and the first finger. There are three places it can begin; the first is inside the life line, the second is joined to the life line, and the third is outside the life line.

If the head line begins inside the life line it will naturally cross it, as it runs across the palm of the hand. This origin of the head line indicates a person who is over-cautious, over-sensitive and very timid. Such a person has a highly developed nervous system and is therefore easily excited. These people become irritated very easily and are liable to "go up in the air" over the least thing. They have practically no control over themselves.

If the head line is joined to the life line and seems to start at the same point, it indicates a sensitive and cautious person, but not to the degree that the first origin indicates. Even people with education and ability but with a head line joined to the life line will be found to be holding themselves back through want of faith in their own ability; they will be over-cautious and thus their own worst enemies.

The head line, however, is generally found to have its origin outside of the life line, and this indicates, if the distance between the beginning of the life line and the beginning of the head line is not very great, that the person is quick in his judgment, independent in thinking and possesses a marked quantity of daring that will help him in the battle of life. And if in addition to this the head line runs straight across the palm, it indicates that the person has a great deal of influence over others, and for that reason is an excellent person to go into public life. The mentality of such people cannot be surpassed, they being the ones who grasp a thing before it is fully explained.

If there is quite a space between the beginning of the life line and the head line, it indicates that the person does not possess enough caution. He is liable to rush into things that he will later regret. It also indicates a desire for notoriety.

When the head line tends to follow a course toward the wrist it indicates that the person is a builder of air castles. This tendency is one worth cultivating if it does not get the best of the builder, as so often happens. Persons with such a head line should not be content to let themselves build air castles, but should immediately begin to make the air castles realities. If they will do that they will find that the characteristic is one well worth possessing. But on the other hand, if they are content to

achieve success in their mind, only then they are certainly to be pitied.

And now we will consider the heart line, which is the line that runs across the palm right under the four fingers and generally more or less parallel to the base of these fingers. This line enables us to tell something of the love nature of a person.

The heart line can rise in several places, and each place has a meaning of its own. If it runs practically across the hand in a straight line, it denotes a person who places his love on a throne so high that no fault can destroy it; such a person is the blind worshipper.

If the heart line has its start at a point in the centre of the base of the first finger, it indicates a person with a more moderate idea of love, but with a great deal of ideality. Such people have high ideals and generally can be counted to marry some one who is on the same social plane as they are on. Such people are seldom found getting divorces since they believe in one, and only one, marriage.

If the heart line rises or begins between the first and second finger it denotes a somewhat calmer love nature, but one that possesses a great depth nevertheless. Sometimes they are less demonstrative in their love nature, but when the occasion arises they are capable of making great sacrifices willingly for the one they love.

When the heart line has its beginning under the second finger it denotes a person who is selfish and less desirable than those of the other types.

The heart line should be clean cut, deep and well-colored. This is the normal heart line. When the line appears to be made up of a number of short lines or appears to be sketched on the hand, it denotes a person with a flirty nature and one who will have many love affairs throughout life. In fact, such a person will be a born lover and will always be looking for a chance to make love regardless of whether he is married or not.

A normal heart line means that the person is capable of showing great love, and so the opposite, a line that is broad but pale, denotes a person whose font of love nature is quite low if present at all.

Besides these three lines there are, of course, many others, many of which I will not be able to discuss here at this time. There is another line, however, the fate line, that is quite important and which should be considered to some extent.

The fate line is that line in the center of the palm running lengthwise of the palm and which is about as prominent as the three lines which I have just discussed. A little study of the hand will enable almost any one to locate their fate line.

If the fate line rises or begins at the life line it denotes a person who will make a success through his own efforts. Such people are termed self-made people, and no amount of hindrance will block their final success.

When the fate line rises from the wrist and runs straight up the palm, it denotes a person whose life will be marked by brilliant success, good luck and extremely good fortune.

When the heart line rises from a point opposite the base of the thumb it denotes a person whose fate will be somewhat changeable and much more eventful than the average run of careers. Often such people will be dependent to a great extent on others for their success or failure in life.

Besides the lines that I have mentioned there are many others, all of which have a vital meaning. It is possible to tell the number of marriages by the marriage lines, the number of children a person will have, and all sorts of other valuable things by means of the various lines on the palm of the hand, but space is too limited to go into such detail at this time.

And in addition to the various lines there are many little marks, all of which have a definite meaning. For instance, there is the island which looks as if the line had been split for a short space and spread apart. An island always lessens the forecast of the line on which it is found. Then there is the cross, which consists of two small lines which cross each other and which always means something unfortunate unless it is under the first finger when it means that something very fortunate will come to that person.

But those other lines and signs of which I have spoken of, only a few are too many and complex for the amateur to consider at this time. If he has mastered what is given here he will be able to test the science of palmistry and tell whether it holds anything for him or

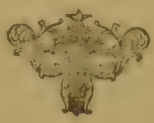
not. If he finds it is true he can go farther and study more, and if he believes that it is not true then he can forget all about it. By means of what is given here he can give it quite a fair test. Does it ring true? Well, that's up to each reader to decide for himself. In my next article I will discuss the subject of chirognomy, or the science of telling character from the shape of the hands and fingers. Do you believe in that? Wait and find out.

## A WITCH-HAZEL ROD OF VALUE

IN the fall of 1899 a man named Swartwood made his appearance in Mitchell county, Indiana, claiming to point out buried treasure by the use of a divining-rod. Several farmers employed him to go over their lands, but he failed to turn up anything. There was then in that county, paying a visit to his married sister, a young man named Abner Mills, who had served in France for two years in an Ohio regiment and had been discharged on account of the loss of his left arm. His home was near Urbana, Ohio. He had about $50 in money, and of this sum he gave Swartwood $35 for a witch-hazel rod and set out to look up buried treasure on his own account. When the transaction came to be generally known he was the laughing-stock of the vicinity, and the ridicule finally became so strong that he had not the moral courage to appear among a crowd who knew him. He afterward asserted, however, that he had strong faith in the rod from the very outset, and that he looked upon it only as a question of time when it would lead him to a fortune.

One day, after he had tramped over fields and through the woods for a month without any luck, and when ten or twelve miles to the north of Salem, he sat down on the bank of a creek to rest. The rod began to point to the northwest, and after a while he followed the creek down toward the Ohio until he came to an old sawmill in ruins. He entered this place to find beams rotted and roof about to fall in. As the rod refused to point to any particular corner of the building, he laid it down, took off his coat, and began a search. For two hours he hunted up and down, spying out every nook and hiding-place, and was about to give up his search, when he discovered, on the plate between two rafters, a roll of cloth. That the roll had been there for some months was evident from its mildewed condition. When it was unrolled Mills found himself possessed of a leather wallet containing $1,600 in greenbacks, a gold watch, a locket set with diamonds, and several valuable diamonds which had evidently been removed from their settings. The entire find was worth to him over $3,000.

Believing that he had fallen upon the proceeds of a robbery, Mills went to Louisville and notified the proper authorities. They in turn notified all the important towns along the river, but not a trace of the owners of the property was discovered. By putting this and that together, however, a conclusion was finally arrived at. About ten months previous to the arrival of Mills in Mitchell county, several tramps had been arrested and jailed. Among them were several hard cases, and it was believed that the property found in the old mill had been hidden by one of them against the date of his discharge from the jail. The jewelry was probably the result of some foraging expedition, and the greenbacks might have been acquired by gambling or robbery. After a few months Mills came into legal possession of everything, and the sum was sufficient to give the crippled young veteran a good start in life. Although the rod for that one time certainly led him to a treasure, he made no use of it afterward, much to the disgust of acquaintances, who believed that Fortune had taken him in her keeping. He did not believe in divining-rods, but attributed his good luck to accident.



# Current News

## LIGHTNING COOKS A POTATO

While a Pennsylvania housewife was paring a potato lightning melted the aluminum knife and cooked the potato to a turn. To the accidental position of her hands at the time she probably owes her life.

## KILLS BIG BEAR

Charles Rivers of Glen Valley, N. Y., while deer hunting in the Black Brook section, had a thrilling experience when he killed the largest bear on record in that section of the Adirondacks since the days of the pioneers. When creeping along a low ledge in the wilderness, the hunter suddenly came upon the bear. He did not seriously injure the beast with a hasty shot and was instantly charged by it. In attempting to get a better shooting position, the hunter fell from the ledge and dropped his rifle. The bear scrambled down the ledge and was almost upon his foe, when Rivers recovered his rifle.

## $7,500 FUND IS CREATED FOR SHADE TREES IN 2011

The statement has been made in bank advertisements that if $1 had been placed at compound interest in the year 1 it would have grown by now to a sum larger than all the money in the world.

Such a statement must have caught the eye of Alfred V. Lincoln of Charlestown, Mass. His will provides that $7,500 of his estate must be set aside at compound interest for ninety years, or until the year 2011. Then the total will be drawn out to plant many trees in Mr. Lincoln's home town.

At 4 per cent. compound interest money doubles in seventeen years and 246 days. In ninety years Mr. Lincoln's original $7,500 will amount to about $250,000. Shrewdly invested by trustees, it may turn into millions.

## LEANING BUDDHA IN CHINA

The Leaning Buddha is a Chinese rival of the Tower of Pisa. This twelfth-century pagoda, near Nanking, says the *Scientific American*, is 100 feet high, of thirteen stories, and inclines 12 feet from the perpendicular, while the 179-foot leaning Tower of Pisa inclines 16 1-2 feet.

## CALIFORNIA'S LOFTY MOUNTAINS

At least sixty mountains in California rise more than 13,000 feet above sea level, but they stand amid a wealth of mountain scenery so rich and varied that they are not considered sufficiently noteworthy to be named, according to the United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Yet if any one of these unnamed mountain peaks were in the eastern part of the United States it would be visited annually by millions of people. But California has seventy additional mountain peaks more than 13,000 feet high that have been named, or 130 in all, as well as a dozen that rise above 14,000.

## HUMAN HAIR IN CARGO

An item in the cargo of the Hakata Maru, at Seattle, Wash., was 40 bales of human hair. There is a great scarcity of this article and a demand for it in the manufacture of hairnets. The United States annually imports hair to the value of more than $500,000.

Human hair 25 to 35 inches long and packed in bales of 133 pounds is worth $210 in Hongkong and twice as much in this land.

It is said there are immense stores of this article held in China, as it accumulated four or five years ago following the edict regarding the abolition of the queue. Many of the long braids of black strong hair were laid away as relics, but the bulk of the clippings found their way into the hands of the jobbers, who are now marketing it in this country.

## MILK CAN WALKING DOWN STEPS AMAZES STROLLER

"Leaving my home to catch an early morning train," writes a correspondent of the *Daily Mail,* London, "I was amazed to see a milk can apparently walking down the steps and along the footpath. I looked again, and the milk can was still progressing with a queer kind of zigzag motion. There was no one in sight to whom I could appeal for corroboration, and I pursued the milk can, halted it with my walking stick, turned it over, and found tightly wedged inside a harassed looking hedgehog.

"It had climbed into the can to drink the milk, found that it could not get out, and was trying to escape from the evidence of its guilt.

"Both of us were relieved when the can and the hedgehog again became two."

## EGYPTIAN WROTE FIRST GREAT BOOK

No one knows who wrote the first great book, but the claim is made that the world's first great work came from the pen of an Egyptian named Athotes. It was a history of his own nation written in 2112 B. C.

The Latins, who excelled in literature long before any of their neighbors had thought of the publishing business, were gallant enough to ascribe the inspiration to Europa, daughter of Agenor, King of Phoenicia, who lived in 1494 B. C. Just what they wrote under her influence in those days is not recorded. It is certain that Cadmus brought Phoenician letters into Greece in 1493 B. C. and there are enough evidences of published books during these early days to lead one to the conclusion that writing as a business or an art dates back into the earliest era of Egyptian and Phoenician civilization.

## SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS GRAND CANYON

There is a new thrill in store for tourists of the Grand Canyon of Colorado, says the *Popular Mechanics Magazine.* In spite of almost insuperable difficulties a suspension bridge has been constructed across the Colorado River, at Granite Gorge, permitting direct access from the south side to the north side—or north rim, as it is called—of the canyon, where is located the grandest scenery in the park, hitherto inaccessible to tourists. Henceforth the rim-to-rim travel is destined to be the most exciting incident in a visit to the Grand Canyon.

The site of the bridge is just above the mouth of Bright Angel Creek, about ten miles by trail from Grand Canyon station. It is a narrow gorge with precipitous rocky walls towering to a height on the southern rim of 4,500 feet, and on the north rim to 1,500 feet higher. It is the only bridge over the Colorado River for a distance of 500 miles between The Needles, Cal., and the point in Utah, where the Colorado is formed by the junction of the Grand and Green rivers.

## A MOUNTAIN OF SOAP

A whole mountain of soap has been found in the northern part of Arkansas by a mining engineer, Elmer Bird, who thinks the discovery will add greatly to the mineral wealth of the State. Mr. Bird, who has charge of the laboratory of the Engineering Exploration Company, with offices at Little Rock, says the mineral is saponite, a natural soap, and that such a vast bed has been discovered that it is believed to contain several hundred thousands of tons.

So great is the faith in this mineral as a soap that plans have practically been completed for the formation of a company for the mining and converting of the mineral into a cleaning powder and placing it on the market.

Saponite is composed largely of magnesium, aluminum and silicate, a combination known to have great cleaning qualities.

The discovery of the mineral was purely accidental. While making an assay of ore small particles of the mineral collected on Mr. Bird's hands. While washing his hands he noted that the mineral lathered and functioned as soap.

Knowing that a great bed of the mineral was in the northern part of the State, Mr. Bird began to make tests, and found it to be saponite. According to best references saponite is not known to occur anywhere else in the United States.

## FIND PREHISTORIC CORN

Corn that grew in Tennessee in prehistoric times, possibly before Joseph put away his seven years supply in Egypt, was unearthed recently by W. E. Meyer of the Bureau of American Ethnology and sent to the United States Department of Agriculture for identification.

During recent excavations in Davidson county, Tennessee, Mr. Meyer came upon a number of stone slab graves containing mortuary vessels. Some of these held specimens of charred maize in fairly good condition. From the size and shape of the grains it was possible to identify the variety as many rowed tropical flint, a form about halfway between true flint and popcorn.

The same type of Indian corn occurs in the West Indies, and there is no question in the minds of scientists but that there was a very early communication between the West Indies and North America. Not only corn but beans, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco are of tropical and subtropical origin.

These staples, now so important throughout both hemispheres, found their way into North America and were cultivated beyond the great lakes in Canada long before the discovery of America. There is abundant evidence of communication between the West Indies and Florida, and up the Mississippi and its tributaries.

---

## UNIQUE RUGS ARE MADE FROM REINDEER HIDES

A new article of commerce is the reindeer carpet, made by Port Clarence (Alaska) natives. The material used in this unique rug comes from the Alaskan reindeer and each carpet, 12x14 feet, is composed of 900 pieces of the fur, alternately light and dark, cut diamond shaped and sewed with sinews. The border, ten inches wide, is also of the tiny squares, but nearly black. The lighter colored fur pieces are cut from the hide of the under part of the reindeer, darker gray being that over the back and flanks. Fur cut out of the hide from the head and neck furnishes the black squares of the border.

Many reindeer have stone colored coats, with beards and a mane like buffalo growing down their breasts. Others are spotted, Quaker gray and white, and the hair is short, soft and very thick. If the animal is killed in early fall, the fur will not come out in tufts.

A department store in Seattle, Wash., has just received a shipment of 100 of the reindeer rugs, which have sold readily at $100 each. It is declared by H. Hahlo, fur buyer, that four native women of the Seward Peninsula district, can finish a rug in a week.

---

## A TREASURE-FILLED LAKE

Ten thousand feet above the sea level, in the mountains of Colombia, not far from Bogota, lies the Sacred Lake of Guatavita, in a huge cup surrounded by hills. An English engineer, with the assistance of a body of natives, has in the last few years succeeded in draining off all the water, laying bare a deposit of mud that the valuable offerings of the ancient natives to their deity can be recovered, and the beginning of the trenching work has already brought "finds" of a description sufficient to prove that the old tales of hidden treasure are not mythical. There have been recovered up to now a gold bowl, numbers of emeralds, two gold snakes, a gold band, golden images, curiously carved stones and several articles of pottery. According to the stories of the historians, these are parts of the gifts which the inhabitants of Colombia were accustomed for centuries to make in propitiation of their gods.

The Chibcha Indians, under the leadership of their chief and high priest, assembled periodically on the shores of the sacred lake, the chief having his body covered with gold dust. There they placed their offerings of gold, precious stones and household treasure on a rude raft, which, when it was heaped up with the priceless cargo, was rowed to the center of the lake by the chief. He then washed off the gold dust from his body and the treasure on the raft was tossed into the water, while the spectators danced and sang on the shore.

After the Spaniards invaded the country the natives are said to have thrown countless treasures into the lake to prevent them from being seized by their conquerors. The latter made some attempt to recover the gold, but met with little success

# Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Bel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by Chas. F. Oursler.
13. "Under a Mask," by Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by Chas. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by Redfield Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29. "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector J. Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robt. W. Wardeu.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by C. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign on the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. H. Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
77 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by Wm. Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
81 "Professor Satan," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "A Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Marc Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
89. "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
90 "The House Next-Door," by Police Captain Howard.
91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.
95 "The Trick of the Great Yen How," by William Hamilton Osborne.
96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.
97 "The Last Star of the Films," by Jack Bechdolt.
98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "A Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.

If you cannot procure any of the numbers you want from your newsdealer, send us the price, ten cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail them to you postage free.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 West Twenty-third Street, New York City

# Our Ten-Cent Hand Books

Useful, Instructive, and Amusing. They contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject.

**No. 30. HOW TO COOK.**—One of the most instructive books on cooking ever published. It contains recipes for cooking meats, fish, game and oysters; also pies, puddings, cakes and all kinds of pastry, and a grand collection of recipes.

**No. 33. HOW TO BEHAVE.**—Containing the rules and etiquete of good society and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theatre, church, and in the drawing-room.

**No. 35. HOW TO PLAY GAMES.**—A complete and useful little book, containing the rules and regulations of billiards, bagatelle, back-gammon, croquet, dominoes, etc.

**No. 36. HOW TO SOLVE CONUNDRUMS.**—Containing all the leading conundrums of the day, amusing riddles, curious catches and witty sayings.

**No. 40. HOW TO MAKE AND SET TRAPS.**—Including hints on how to catch moles, weasels, otter, rats, squirrels and birds. Also how to cure skins. Copiously illustrated.

**No. 41. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK END MEN'S JOKE BOOK.**—Containing a great variety of the latest jokes used by the most famous end men. No amateur minstrels is complete without this wonderful little book.

**No. 42. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

**No. 45. THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

**No. 46. HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel, A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

**No. 48. HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

**No. 49. HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

**No. 50. HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.** A valuable book, giving instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

**No. 51. HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; of tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of specially prepared cards. Illustrated.

**No. 53. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to.

**No. 54. HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE PETS.**—Giving complete information as to the manner and method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding and managing all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by twenty-eight illustrations.

**No. 56. HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

**No. 58. HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old King Brady, the well known detective. In which he lays down some valuable rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures of well known detectives.

**No. 60. HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera and how to work it; also how to make Photographic Magic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 61. HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos and many novel toys to be worked by electricity. By B. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

**No. 65. MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical joker of the day.

**No. 66. HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing over three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated.

**No. 67. HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks, together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

**No. 68. HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

**No. 69. HOW TO DO SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.**—Containing over fifty of the latest and best tricks used by magicians. Also containing the secret of second sight. Fully illustrated.

**No. 70. HOW TO MAKE MAGIC TOYS.**—Containing full directions for making Magic Toys and devices of many kinds. Fully illustrated.

**No. 71. HOW TO DO MECHANICAL TRICKS.**—Containing complete instructions for performing over sixty Mechanical Tricks. Fully illustrated.

**No. 72. HOW TO DO SIXTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Embracing all of the latest and most deceptive card tricks, with illustrations.

**No. 74. HOW TO WRITE LETTERS CORRECTLY.**—Containing full instructions for writing letters on almost any subject; also rules for punctuation and composition, with specimen letters.

**No. 76. HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY THE HAND.**—Containing rules for telling fortunes by the aid of lines of the hand, or the secret of palmistry. Also the secret of telling future events by aid of moles, marks, scars, etc. Illustrated.

**No. 77. HOW TO DO FORTY TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing deceptive Card Tricks as performed by leading conjurers and magicians. Arranged for home amusement. Fully illustrated.

**No. 80. GUS WILLIAMS' JOKE BOOK.**—Containing the latest jokes, anecdotes and funny stories of this world-renowned German comedian. Sixty-four pages; handsome colored cover, containing a half-tone photo of the author.

**No. 82. HOW TO DO PALMISTRY.**—Containing the most approved methods of reading the lines on the hand, together with a full explanation of their meaning. Also explaining phrenology, and the key for telling character by the bumps on the head. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S. Fully illustrated.

**No. 83. HOW TO HYPNOTIZE.**—Containing valuable and instructive information regarding the science of hypnotism. Also explaining the most approved methods which are employed by the leading hypnotists of the world. By Leo Hugo Koch, A. C. S.

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10c. per copy, in money or stamps, by

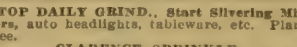
**FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, - - - - 168 West 23d Street, New York.**

GREATEST WONDER
Latest European Invention.
Become popular! Play this Jazzy Fluta! Play all the Hits, no lessons required!—Wonderful tune.
For Parties and Entertainments
7 Popular Songs FREE
SEND NO MONEY
Pay Postman only $2.95 on arrival of Fluta.
M.M. Oriel Co., 16 Park Row, N.Y.C.
PLAY IT WITHOUT LEARNING

**STOP DAILY GRIND.**, Start Silvering Mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free.

CLARENCE SPRINKLE,
Department 81, Marion, Indiana

**TELESCOPE FREE**



Brass bound. Opens over 2 feet long. You can see objects a mile away. Given for selling 10 pcks. Bluine at 10c a pckg. Write today
BLUINE MFG. CO., 649, Mill St., Concord Jct. Mass.

**AGENTS** — Unusual opportunity: County rights free. Quick sales, large profits. Repeat orders. Experience unnecessary.

P. Barnes, Coos St., Cazdero, Calif.

**FRECKLES**

**Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With OTHINE — Double Strength**

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

**NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER "X-RAY" CURIO**

PRICE 10 C. 3 for 25c. - BIG FUN
BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh.
A MAGIC Trick Novelty FREE with each X-Ray.
MARVEL MFG. CO., Dept. 13 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# DRAKE'S PRACTICAL MECHANICAL BOOKS

## Be An Expert in Your Line!

While most men are working for mere living wages—and hunting jobs—business is always hunting experts—men who can earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year.

### A FEW PENNIES A DAY

Be a success. Put yourself in the big-pay class. You can easily do it, for a few cents a day and a little study in your spare time. Drake's Practical Home Study Books are prepared expressly for this purpose. No instructor is necessary; all made so clear you can easily understand.

We publish Home Study Self Help Books for practically every trade and business, all shown in our big catalog, sent free. Here are only a few.

### AUTOMOBILE BOOKS

| | |
|---|---|
| Automobile Ignition, by Manly, Leatherette | $2.00 |
| Automobile Starting and Lighting, by Manly, Leatherette | 2.00 |
| Brookes' Automobile Handbook, Leatherette | 2.00 |
| Ford Motor Car, Truck and Tractor, by Manly, Cloth | 1.50 |
| Starting and Lighting Troubles, Remedies and Repairs, by Manly, Leatherette | 3.00 |
| Automobile Battery, Care and Repair, by Manly, Leatherette | 2.00 |
| Automobile Catechism and Repair Manual, Leatherette | 1.50 |
| Tires and Vulcanizing, by Twford, Cloth | 2.00 |
| Gas and Oil Engine Handbook, Cloth | 1.50 |
| Automobile Upkeep and Care, by Manly, Cloth | 1.50 |
| Motorcycle Handbook, by Manly, Cloth | 1.50 |

### ELECTRICAL BOOKS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Practical Applied Electricity | $2.00 | Motion Picture Operation | $1.50 |
| Alternating Current | 1.50 | Drake's Electrical Dictionary | 1.50 |
| Electric Motor Control Systems | 1.50 | Electric Motors, Direct, Alternating | 1.50 |
| Wiring Diagrams and Descriptions | 1.50 | Drake's Telephone Handbook | 1.50 |
| Electrical Tables and Data | 1.50 | Modern American Telephony | 2.00 |
| Armature and Magnet Winding | 1.50 | Wireless, Telegraph and Telephone Handbook, Cloth | 1.25 |
| Modern Electrical Construction | 1.50 | Telegraphy Self-Taught, Cloth | 1.25 |
| Electricians' Operating and Testing | 1.50 | | |

### SHOP PRACTICE BOOKS

| | |
|---|---|
| Sheet Metal Workers' Manual, Leatherette | $2.00 |
| Oxy-Acetylene Welding and Cutting, Leatherette | 1.75 |
| Slide Rule and Logarithmic Tables, Leatherette | 2.00 |
| Handbook for Millwrights, Cloth | 2.00 |
| Machine Shop Practice, Cloth | 2.00 |
| Mechanical Drawing and Machine Design, Cloth | 2.00 |
| Pattern Making, Cloth | 1.50 |

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Mark on this page the books you want and send in, with the price. Books will be sent postpaid. If not satisfactory, return in five days and money will be promptly refunded. Which books will help you? Mark them now.

### BIG CATALOG FREE

Many more Home Self Helps fully described in our new book, sent free. Send Today.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO., Publishers
1022 Michigan Ave., Chicago
Drake Books Are for Sale at All Book Stores.


## CURIONS FREAK OF NATURE

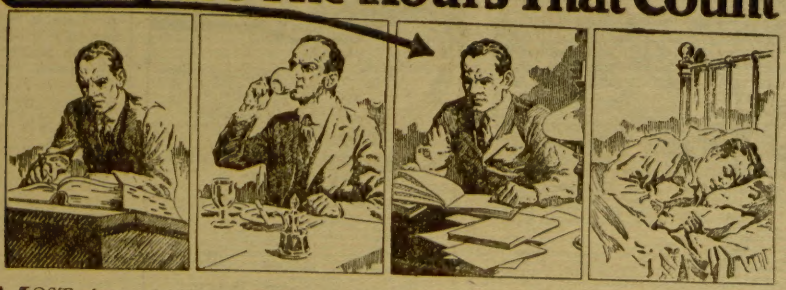
A freak of nature, proving of more than ordinary interest, is a good-sized island in Puget Sound, which is apparently dying from old age. It was observed last summer that every fir and cedar tree on the island was dead. About the water's edge vegetation appeared withered and a thin vapor hung over the island during the day. Never inhabited and about 100 acres in extent, the island has for years been noted for its growth of wonderful trees.

Fir three feet in diameter grew so thickly as to make travel through them almost impossible. Both cedar and alder flourished. The ownership of this tract has been in litigation for years and the timber could not be logged.

Now there is not a living thing on the island. Death alone stalks grimly over the trails worn by former denizens of this forest empire. Not a crow rests on the dead tops, and as boats pass an occasional crash tells of the falling of a great tree.

Scientists who visited the island during the last few months believe the land has soured. The growth of trees and vegetation has been so rapid and dense as to exhaust the humus in the soil.

# These Are The Hours That Count



MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for *you*—in your present work or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

## Yes—You Can Win Success in an Hour a Day

Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin-Six," and hundreds of other Engineers, climbed to success through I. C. S. help. The builder of the great Equitable Building and hundreds of Architects and Contractors won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

For 30 years, men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S.

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to *you*. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

## Make Your Start Now!

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S., in the quiet of your own home, will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste?

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 5262 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:

- ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Electric Lighting & Railways
- ☐ Electric Wiring
- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
- ☐ Telephone Work
- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING & HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Pharmacy
- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEM'T
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
- ☐ Railroad Positions
- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
- ☐ Cartooning
- ☐ Private Secretary
- ☐ Business Correspondent
- ☐ BOOKKEEPER
- ☐ Stenographer & Typist
- ☐ Certified Public Accountant
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
- ☐ Railway Accountant
- ☐ Commercial Law
- ☐ GOOD ENGLISH
- ☐ Common School Subjects
- ☐ CIVIL SERVICE
- ☐ Railway Mail Clerk
- ☐ AUTOMOBILES
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ Navigation
- ☐ AGRICULTURE
- ☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Spanish
- ☐ BANKING ☐ Teacher

Name.....

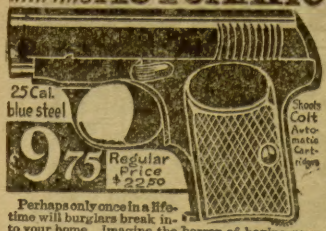
Street and No.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

7-1-21

PROTECT YOURSELF WITH THIS **AUTOMATIC**




Perhaps only once in a lifetime will burglars break into your home. Imagine the horror of having your wife and children at the mercy of brutal thieves, absolutely helpless.

Before this happens to your family, order this dependable AUTOMATIC today and be always fully protected. This wonderful automatic is an ideal weapon to carry in the pocket or keep around the house. It lies flat in pocket and HAS DOUBLE SAFETY which prevents accidental discharge. Comfortable checkered grip, perfect aim, beautiful blue steel finish rifled barrel. Holds seven shots and shoots the FAMOUS COLT AUTOMATIC CARTRIDGES.

**SEND NO MONEY** Send us today your name, address and mention number of Automatic you want. We ship by return mail. Pay postman on arrival, our price, plus postage.

No. 109, 25 cal. seven shots blue steel. Regular price $22.50. Our price - - - - - - - - - **$9.75**

No. 809, 32 cal. same as above, seven shots, blue steel. Regular price $25.00. Our price **$11.90**

**Military** Model—Shoots **10 Shots** without reloading

**FREE** extra magazine (worth $1.50) No. 1009, 32 cal. This Military model is slightly larger than the $11.90 automatic. Blue steel. Regularly $25.00. Our price - - **$12**

World Famous Automatic **MAUSER**

Powerful and accurate. Shoots 10 shots, flat shaped, comfortable grip, fixed accurate sights, two safety devices, blue steel. No. 1509 25 cal. Val. $30.00 **$14.50** No. 2009 32 cal. 9 Shots **$15.50**

Six shot, popular swing out model. "Nickel" or "blue steel," checkered grip. No. 2509, 32 cal. - - - **$17.50** No. 3009, 38 cal. $19.

Side Swing Hand Ejector

Genuine German **LUGER**

No. 3509, 30 cal. Shoots 9 shots Don't be fooled by automatics that look like a LUGER. Quantity purchases enable us to sell this GENUINE LUGER at this remarkably low price. Latest model, safety, device, automatic magazine ejector. Sells up to $30.00. Our special price - - - - - **$28.50**

**ALL BRAND NEW GOODS**

Don't wait. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed after examination or money back. Order this bargain today. Just send (written clearly) your name, address and the Number of the Automatic you want. *Send no cash.* We ship by return mail. Pay postman on arrival our price, plus postage. Send for free catalog to Dept. C109.

**GUARANTEE TRADING CO.**
**54 Montgomery Street Jersey City, N. J.**

**BE A DETECTIVE**

**Earn Big Money Travel Big Demand**
**Experience unnecessary. We train you. Write**

AMERICAN DETECTIVE SYSTEM,
1968 Broadway New York City

**SEND NO MONEY** $3.45 POST PAID

14K SOLID GOLD TIFFANY BIRTHSTONE

NO MORE PAYMENTS TO MAKE

Pay postman only $3.45 on arrival for this 14-K solid gold hand carved birthstone ring.

**NO MORE PAYMENTS TO MAKE**

The mounting is 14-K solid gold, hand carved—the stones are all diamond faceted cut except the bloodstone, pearl, sardonyx and turquoise, which are cabochon polished, and if you can buy a 14-K solid gold ring like this anywhere for less than twice our price, return in 30 days and get your money back.

**ANY STONE—ANY SIZE RING**

DON'T HESITATE—YOU TAKE NO CHANCE —your money back if you want it—rush your name and address for the GREATEST RING OFFER EVER MADE BY ANYONE—ANYWHERE—ANY TIME.

**Send for Your Ring to Department B-10**

**EMPIRE JEWELERS**
"SELLS MUCH CHEAPER FOR CASH"
138 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

**REWARD**

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A | T | S | O | N | L |
| C | D | X | O | I | C |
| M | E | F | R | C | E |
| N | A | R | I | S | S |
| U | A | Y | A | L | I |
| T | R | E | D | N | L |
| A | N | A | L | G | N |
| E | D | D | A | C | N |
| A | K | R | A | M | D |
| E | N | | | | |

**FOR YOU**

What are the 9 names of countries? The letters are mixed, yet you can make out every name by studying. The first is SCOTLAND. Now try for all. Send your list in a letter or on a postal card with your name and address.

A REWARD will be mailed you FREE with other surprises. Really a WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY whatever your age. Enjoy this pleasure. Address:

**ALBRO COMPANY**
**AA-116, Station F, New York**

**From factory to you FREE** Easiest riding, most comfortable wheel built. We'll ship on approval. You'll be delighted with the **18 exclusive features** of 1921 model electrically equipped

**BLACK BEAUTY**

—a large variety of models to choose from. Pick the one you like best. We send it express prepaid. A small deposit and dollar a week. Five year guarantee—6 months' accident policy.

**HAVERFORD CYCLE COMPANY** Established 25 years.
Dept. 5210 Philadelphia, Pa.
Big new catalog in colors—FREE
Send for it—NOW!
*Be a Black Beauty Owner Agent*

MEN—For vigorous development use "Vital Power Vacuum Massager." Wonderful! Write for free folder describing this remarkable instrument. W. J. Lynch, Box 621-A, Springfield, Ill.


## FIND PREHISTORIC CORN

Corn that grew in Tennessee in prehistoric times, possibly before Joseph put away his seven years' supply in Egypt, was unearthed recently by W. E. Meyer of the Bureau of American Ethnology and sent to the United States Department of Agriculture for identification.

During recent excavations in Davidson county, Tennessee, Mr. Myer came upon a number of stone slab graves containing mortuary vessels. Some of these held specimens of charred maize in fairly good condition. From the size and shape of the grains it was possible to identify the variety as many rowed tropical flint, a form about half way between true flint and popcorn.

The same type of Indian corn occurs in the West Indies, and there is no question in the minds of scientists but that there was a very early communication between the West Indies and North America. Not only corn but beans, squashes, pumpkins and tobacco are of tropical and subtropical origin.

These staples, now so important throughout both hemispheres, found their way into North America and were cultivated beyond the great lakes in Canada long before the discovery of America.

## BE SURE TO READ

# "Moving Picture Stories"

**A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players.**

**PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY**

*The Best Film Magazine on Earth*

**FOR SALE ON ALL NEWS-STANDS.**

**Magnificent Colored Cover Portraits of Prominent Screen Performers!**

**32 PAGES OF READING** **OUT EVERY FRIDAY**

Each Number Contains Portraits and Biographies of Actors and Actresses–Four Stories of the Best Films on the Screens—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studios—Lessons in Scenario Writing—Poems, Jokes and every bright Feature of Interest in Making Moving Pictures.

**THIS LITTLE MAGAZINE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY THAN ANY OTHER SIMILAR PUBLICATION ON THE MARKET.**

Its authors are the very best that money can procure; its profuse illustrations are exquisite, and its special articles are by the greatest experts in their particular line. No amount of money is spared to make this publication the very best of its kind in the world. Buy a copy NOW from your newsdealer, or send 7 cents in money or postage-stamps, and we will mail you, postage free, any issue you desire.

**HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher,** **166 West 23d Street, New York City**